TWO

NOVELS.

IN LETTERS.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

HENRY AND FRANCES.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Hi narrata ferunt aliò : menſuraque ficti
Creſcit ; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
OVID. MET.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. WILSON, J. EXSHAW, H. SAUNDERS,
W. SLEATER, D. CHAMBERLAINE, J. POTTS,
J. HOEY, and J. WILLIAMS.
MDCC LXIX.

THE

GORDIAN KNOT:

OR,

DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS.

A NOVEL.

In LETTERS.

BY HENRY.

PART II.

Ut in vitâ, ſic in ſtudiis, pulcherrimum et humaniſſimum exiſtimo, ſeveritatem comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in triſtitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I CONGRATULATE you, upon Mr. Brumpton's diſorder having declared itſelf to be of that kind, that will enable the phyſicians to apply the known methods of cure. And I applaud you extremely, for that ſpirit of mind, which has determined you to remain with him, during his illneſs. A man will fly from his friend, in ſuch an extremity, to-day, and, to-morrow, hazard his neck a fox-hunting.

MRS. Sutton has entertained me, a good deal, this morning, with letting me into a ſcheme, ſhe has lately framed, which, poſſibly, may be productive of good effects. Though why ſhould I expect it? ſhe acknowledges that ſhe has taken the hint, from my *moral league*; and how can we hope for better ſucceſs, in one inſtance, than in the other? However, the endeavouring to ſtrengthen another's virtue, ſerves to confirm our own.——And this great end anſwered,

is all that we are accountable for. The reſt muſt be referred to Providence.

THE two ſtories I mentioned to you, in my laſt letter, have given her great offence. I deteſt the propagation of ſcandal, therefore confined myſelf ſolely to thoſe articles, which I thought I had a public right over, as being already upon record. Not that theſe are the only anecdotes of the kind, in this country. For debauch has ariſen to ſuch an exceſs here, of late, more eſpecially, where one ought to expect it leaſt, among the higher ranks of life, that, by keeping one another in countenance, they have rendered vice and immorality, *faſhionable*, at laſt.

WHEN debauchery has ariſen to ſuch an height, that people appear no longer to regard any thing as ſacred, in the obligations of marriage, or ſinful in adultery, had they not better turn muſſulmen, at once, where pluralities are not againſt their goſpel, and conſequently their practice not an offence to their morals? This would be but beginning their heaven, upon earth, a little before their time,—— *perhaps, ending it there, alſo!*

IN order then, to ſtem this torrent of corruption, Mrs. Sutton's idea is, to inſtitute a ſociety, of married couples, who love, and live, faithfully together, which ſhe would aſſociate, under the title of the *bon ton*, of *domeſtic life*; with a view of rendering conjugal fidelity *faſhionable*, in its turn, and laughing, or ſhaming fools, and libertines, out of countenance, and preventing the *Whichenovre ſtitch** from growing *ruſty*, as it has done, for ſome centuries paſt.

WE happen to have, in this city, *for it is a very large one*, a ſtock of three couples, and two half ones, to commence the club with. One of the latter, is a lady, of moſt amiable domeſtic virtues, unhappily married to a drunken profligate, and the other is a gentleman of the greateſt politeneſs of manners, and mildneſs of diſpoſition, imaginable, yoked to a ſhrew.

* See the Spectator, No. 607.

WE

We are to meet, once a week, every Sunday, immediately after veſpers; to drink tea, and paſs the evening together. For *want of cards*, we are to converſe, be entertained with muſic, and attend to lectures, upon religion, and virtue, with deſcants upon the tempers, manners, and conduct, neceſſary to the mutual happineſs of wedded love.

Treatises, or extracts, for this purpoſe, to be ſelected, by any of the members, from the moſt ingenious and delicate of the poets, and moral writers, which are to be read out, by the ſecretary; and to which may be added, occaſionally, all eſſays, ſentiments, or maxims, tending to the ſame purpoſe, which any of the ſociety, who may have a turn, or genius, for ſuch ſubjects, may pleaſe to throw into our collection.——All which are to be digeſted, by the ſecretary, into a volume, and entitled *The Marriage Code. Dare jura maritis.*

We are all to wear a ſilver medal, of the order, with the following devices. On one ſide, is to be ſtruck an impreſſion of Cupid, annealing his arrows, in a furnace, and on the reverſe, Hymen ſingeing the little fugitive's wings, with his torch; and on the contour, is to be this motto,

Que cet cercle ſoit un ſymbole des nos joïes.——

As it is poſſible that the harmony of ſome one or other of our couples, in the ſociety at large, may fall into diſcord, at ſome time of their lives, the cauſe of their diſagreement is to be ſubmitted to, and canvaſſed in, the club. The party offending, if obſtinate after admonition, to be *repudiated*, from our ſociety, the other remaining ſtill a member of it.

This order is to admit, alſo, of a probationary claſs, of unmarried men and women, whoſe manners, morals, and tempers may be thought reſponſible for happineſs in the married ſtate; which mark of diſtinction, may often, perhaps, recommend them, mutually, to each other; as alſo render them objects of the approbation and choice of thoſe, who may

not yet be comprehended within the circle of our *bon ton.*

Mrs. Sutton has already adopted Mr. Harſtonge, and Mr. Brumpton, as honorary members, in her ſociety, in hopes of tempting them to come and live among us; that if the punctilio of Miſs Dixon, and the ſcruple of the Marchioneſs, ſhould continue ſtill to oppoſe their union, and that the conſtancy and delicacy of the lovers, ſhould alſo prevent their ſeeking for *rational happineſs*, elſewhere, they may, at leaſt, participate a generous portion of it, in ſeeing, and rejoicing in, the bliſs of others.

Your name is alſo minuted down, in our *ſingular number*; but, take notice, that we grant you a probation, only of twelve kalendar months, as they do in nunneries; at the end of which, you are either to be ranked among the *duals*, or expelled from the ſociety, as a *refractory*.

You ſeem to be poſſeſſed of all the qualifications requiſite to domeſtic life; and why ſhould you delay, a moment, to fulfil the great ſcheme of Providence and virtue, in compleating your own happineſs, by rendering it mutual? The ſooner a man caſts off a libertine life, the better for the community, for himſelf, his wife, and their poſterity. *Conſider of what has been ſaid*, and

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LIX.

Sir Thomas Medway, *To Mr.* Sutton.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I Have received Mrs. Sutton's *fair idea*; which I am afraid is the proper epithet for all ſchemes toward the vindication of morals, in the preſent times. However,

However, *to ſtem the torrent* of vice and corruption, as ſhe expreſſes herſelf, is next to the drying up the ſource.

I ACCEPT of the honorary degree ſhe has been pleaſed to confer on me; and to ſhew you how far worthy I am, of her good opinion, in this particular, I do aſſure you that I have, ever ſince I was reſtored to a capacity of framing any ſcheme, for worldly happineſs, been attentive to the hint you give me, upon that ſubject.

I DID not meet with any object, abroad, that could attach me. The looſeneſs of their dreſs, the freedom of their manners, with the *picturesque* air of their complections, rather diſguſted me. Or, at moſt, ſeemed fitter to *allure*, than *engage*. A woman ought always to have ſomething to conceal, both in her mind, and body, which only accident, or ſolicitation, ſhould be able to diſcover; and if there were no other diſadvantage, in paint, this one alone, muſt ever remain a principal objection, *that a woman cannot ſhew her bluſhes through it*. It muſt have been before the uſe of *fard*, that the philoſopher ſaid, *Vultus index animi*. Courteſans only, ſhould be permitted to wear *rouge*. In them, perhaps, it may allure, by giving to their unbluſhing features, the ſemblance of modeſty.

HOWEVER, a little uſe had rendered theſe high coloured, *unglowing* complections, ſo familiar to me, while I was abroad, that I confeſs, on my firſt return into England, I thought I had been ſuddenly tranſlated into the *Elyſium of beauty*, as the women appeared to me ſo many *handſome ghoſts*; till the ſame uſe, but in a much ſhorter time, brought me back to my *natural* taſte, again.

SINCE I came home, I have met with ſome diſappointments here, alſo, in my purſuit of an *attachment de cœur*. My ears are quicker than my eyes, and wit captivates me ſooner than beauty. I have not yet had the fortune to meet with a woman, who has been able to anſwer my now purged idea, of female excellence.

ONE is perfectly handſome, but like a picture, mere ſhade, colour, and proportion. She wants the warmth of life, and conſequently raiſes only a ſort of *virtuoſo taſte*, devoid of paſſion. Another is all life and ſpirit, with beauty too; but having no ſenſe to engage my approbation, nor merit to attach my eſteem, raiſes merely a tranſient deſire, without a wiſh for permanent poſſeſſion.

I WOULD have the colours, both of character, and complection, ſo blended together, as to reflect mutual luſtre, upon each other; nor would I have the caſket brighter than the jewel. Without the concurrence of which rare and invaluable compoſition, as I have here deſcribed, I fear that I ſhall ſoon forfeit my rank, in your charming ſociety; and may, very probably, bury my celibacy, with me, in the grave.——*Which the Lord of his infinite mercy forbid.*——You ſee I can finiſh a letter like a ſermon, as well as you.—*Pray remember the poor.*

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LX.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I DO not wait the returns of the poſts, nor inſiſt upon debtor and creditor accounts, with friends. My having leiſure is ſufficient reaſon for me, to write, and your having any thing elſe to do, is apology enough, for your neglecting it. So that whenever you ſit down to this work, you may enjoy the generous pleaſure, of *conferring a favour*, inſtead of conſidering it, as *diſcharging an obligation.*

APROPOS,

A PROPOS, to one of the *half couples*, you mentioned, in your laſt letter. I was told a ſtory, yeſterday, of a wedded pair, in this country, who are perſons of fortune, ſenſe, and merit. But the lady is unhappily infected with ſuch a fretful diſpoſition, and impatience of temper, that her huſband was obliged to part from her, ſome years ago.

THIS ſeparation happened to be equally irkſome, to both parties, as they really loved each other, ſincerely. She ſoon made her ſubmiſſion, and as ſhe poſſeſſes many good qualities, and, like the ſmith's wife, *had but one fault* *, he was readily induced to live with her again; this one condition being firſt ſtipulated, between them, that if ſhe ſhould ever betray any inſtance of ill humour, before him, again, he was at liberty, without reproach, to walk immediately out of the houſe, and leave her the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of it, for life.

THEY have lived, ever ſince, together, now almoſt five years, in perfect concord, and domeſtic happineſs. Within that interval, though, it has been remarked, that there has been a ſucceſſion, of above a dozen ſets of ſervants, in their family; the cauſe of which Mr. Fenton has been prudent, and generous enough, never to inquire into. For, his own peace provided for, he has been ſo indulgent, as to leave her an uncontrouled deſpotiſm, over the reſt of the houſhold; except their children, whom he has reared, and ſchooled, abroad.

NAY, to ſuch a degree has his kindneſs and compaſſion, toward her unhappy foible, extended itſelf, that he has, frequently, had plays, performed in his own houſe, by themſelves, and the relations of their families, in which he always caſts the parts of *Roxana*, the *Amazon*, or *Termagant*, for his wife; in order to afford her an occaſion, of ſpending ſome portion of that violence of temper, with privilege and authority, which ſhe is reſtrained from exerciſing, by duty and obedience.

* The ſtory is too arch.

I THINK

I THINK I may now cloſe my letter, without mentioning a word of Mr. Brumpton, for you may, aſſuredly, be able to form a judgment of the ſtate of his health, by finding my mind diſengaged enough, to trifle upon ſuch ſubjects.

Adieu, then.

T. M.

LETTER LXI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton, ſtill.

I HAVE the pleaſure to acquaint you, that Mr. Brumpton ſits up, and walks about his room, at preſent, out of all danger, from his diſorder. I wiſh he was as ſafe, from his paſſion, alſo. I do not like compoſure, in diſtreſs. I would rather have grief a *torrent*, than a *ſtream*.

HE has never once mentioned either of his two misfortunes, or his diſappointment, which perhaps is his greateſt, to me, ſince I came here. But he looks, often, as if he thought, too intenſely, of them. He fixes his eyes, ſometimes, on *nothing*, for a conſiderable time, without ſpeaking, or even uttering a ſigh, while tears ſteal down his cheeks, quite unperceived by him,

——— *humor et in genas,*
furtim labitur ———

nor do my eyes withhold their ſympathy.

AMONG the precious remains of the Grecian reliques, there have been preſerved certain urns, ſtiled *Lachrymals*, in which thoſe fond and elegant people uſed to collect the tears, of their afflicted friends. There is nothing that raiſes, and refines my idea, of thoſe ancients, ſo much, as the tenderneſs, and delicacy, of ſuch a ſentiment.

I USE

I USE a good deal of exerciſe, here, in riding about this charming country, in order to keep off the infection of the ſmall-pox. Sir George is my *Ciceroni*, and ſhews me different villa's, ſeats, and proſpects, every day. This morning, he led me to a place, in Surry, called *St. George's Hill*; where there is a road, made on the ridge of a winding hill, which preſents you with variety of far extended views, of a fine planted, and watered country. It does not appear to be a common path, or highway, but rather a road made through ſome extenſive improvement.—And is it not the great demeſne of nature? Thoſe, however, of your *true virtù taſte*, would prefer the *Appian*, or *Flaminian way*, to it, becauſe they are rendered impaſſable, from their *antiquity*.

AND it is this ſuperſtitious pre-poſſeſſion, in favour of *recording things*, joined to an ignorant prejudice, in preference of foreign countries, that has led moſt of our young men of fortune, ſo many antick dances, over all Europe, for this laſt century. The benefit of travel, to Engliſhmen, as far as my experience of it has extended, is to reconcile us the better, to our own country. For *what went you out to ſee?* you cannot ride better roads, view greener fields, or taller trees, or brighter water, than you have, at home. And if you mean to ſtudy laws, or arts, or ſciences, *eſt ulubris*, I anſwer.——Nor need you, now, as the firſt philoſophers were obliged to do, go ſearch for them, abroad. And what are the languages, you perfect yourſelves in, during your *exile?* but thoſe only, that enable you, on your return, to converſe, *on nothing*, with the *ſinges*, not the *ſages*, of your own country. Nor yet is travelling abroad, ſo much the enjoyment, of a pleaſure, neither, as the mere indulgence, of a curioſity.—A little ſatisfies, and a little more ſatiates it. *Try back*, ye overmettled hounds; the *quarry* lies behind ye.——

BUT I am wandering, myſelf.

Adieu.

T. M.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

SIR George and I were at Mrs. Southcot's, Wooburn farm, yeſterday morning. It is not, indeed, ſo ſtriking an object, as St. George's Hill; nor ſeveral other views, or improvements, I have ſeen. It is what the French ſtile *Une ferme orné*; but though confined within itſelf, is perfect, according to the nature of the deſign. The particular, at that place, which ſtruck me moſt, is a *ruin*, ſo admirably conſtructed, that one might imagine *Time*, itſelf, had been the architect.

IT has been a queſtion, whether *ruins*, introduced into the plan of an improvement, ſhould be of the Gothic or the Grecian order. But lord Kaims * has determined the point, in favour of the former, upon a very ingenious argument.——Becauſe the firſt ſhews the victory of time, over ſtrength; a melancholy, but not unpleaſant reflection. The latter betrays the triumph of barbariſm, over taſte; a gloomy, and diſcouraging idea. Though is it not moſt unaccountable, that any thing imperfect, ſhould ever have become an object of taſte? Why ſhould the picture of a littered table, be made part of the furniture of a room, where we would not ſuffer the original to remain?

SIR George has ſhewn me ſeveral other ſeats, and ſituations, in this, and the neighbouring counties; in ſome of which might be ſeen only one or two features; in others, the whole face, of nature. In one place, particularly, two, or three improvements had been greatly imagined, and in part executed, but ſo confined in the extent, that they might be more juſtly ſtiled, *Members of a deſign*, *disjecta membra*,—

* Elements of Criticiſm.

reſembling

reſembling the legs, or arms of a gladiator, the reſt of the body wanting.

As we were riding through a new ploughed field, early, this morning, I perceived an old robuſt looking man, ſtretched upon the ground, with his face turned toward the freſh earth. I aſked him why he choſe to lie in ſo uneaſy a poſture, or remain in ſo unwholeſome a ſituation? He anſwered me, that he owed his long life, and valid health, to the duty of *embracing his mother*, as he termed it, every morning.

THIS ſupplied Sir George and me, with a ſubject, for philoſophic ſpeculation, on our way. The ſmell of freſh earth, is allowed to be wholeſome. Hence, ditchers, gardeners, ſextons, and ploughmen, are, therefore, ſaid to live longer, than others. It may be poſſible, then, that cottages, becauſe built of ſod, or turf, are more healthy habitations, than palaces.

FROM all which reflections, Sir George was tempted to frame the following quaint adage, that *to lie in a grave, is the way to live out of one.* At leaſt, this I am ſure of, that the nearer we approach, to the manners of the firſt race of men, in the hardneſs of braving the elements, and ſeaſons, the more robuſt, and healthy, we ſhould become. Indulgences, luxury, and effeminacy, have dwindled our ſize, ſhortened our lives, and weakened our vigour.

MR. Brumpton longs to know you, perſonally.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

My dear SUTTON, Tournay.

I CAME hither, from Bruſſels, and have been confined here, by a ſudden illneſs, ever ſince.—The workings of my mind, waſte my body.——I hope to be

be able to travel, to-morrow, and ſhall then ſet forward, on my hopeleſs pilgrimage.

EVER ſince I have been in this place, I have employed my old and faithful ſervant, to make fruitleſs inquiries, after the marchioneſs, both in this town, and all the environs about it. What a conflict of ſoul, do I ſuſtain!

I WAS not ſo ſanguine, as to expect to receive any ſort of immediate intelligence about her, in this country; but it was by way of beginning my ſearch, in the manner I am reſolved to purſue it, through every city, upon the continent; by which means, I think it, at leaſt poſſible, that I may be able, at laſt, to recover her.

How far recover, though I might, perchance, diſcover, that charming woman, I cannot ſay. I dare not aſk myſelf the queſtion, or venture to debate it, fairly.—Hope is flattering, however, and it is by that compaſs, alone, I ſteer.—I will indulge it. Her words were theſe—"That who had rendered "him unhappy, in his life, ſhould never triumph "over him, in the grave." What caſuiſt, then, can be ſo ſevere, as to conſtrue a vow, thus worded, into a total excluſion of my addreſſes? No vice of mine, no part of my conduct, or behaviour, tended to render the marquis unhappy.—It was accident, or contingency, alone, that happened to occaſion his alarm; and from the account given in her own letter, he muſt have died under a thorough perſuaſion, of the innocence, both of the marchioneſs, and me.

—*An me ludit amabilis inſania?* Is this reaſoning, or is it inſpiration? I find my ſpirits ſuddenly return, my courage re-aſſured.——An enlivening gleam of hope, breaks through the gloom upon my mind, like the inſtant day that flaſhed upon my ſenſes, in the wood; and which by bringing immediately to my recollection, my firſt interview with the lovely marchioneſs, appears to be ominous of our future happier meeting.

I MUST

I MUST indulge the thought.—Another line would be prophane.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXIV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I THANK you for Mr. Harſtonge's letter.—It has had the ſame effect on me, that you mention, with regard to yourſelf. I feel a dawn of hope, beaming through the *ſombre* of deſpair, upon this occaſion.

I DO not think his reaſoning much over-ſtrained, upon this ſubject—For how could he be ſaid to triumph over the marquis, any more than his heirs, or any ſecond huſband the marchioneſs may accept of, might be ſaid to do, merely by outliving him? It would be a ſucceſſion, only.——A *triumph* implies an adverſary, a ſtrife, and a victory; none of which circumſtances appear to have been comprehended, in Mr. Harſtonge's caſe.

WHAT an ingenious advocate is love? I took the pains to inveſtigate this point, with all my philoſophy, and logic; and ſo, it ſeems, have you done, likewiſe; and yet, we both of us conclude the knot to be indiſſoluble. While he begins a paragraph, in *deſpair*, and finiſhes it, in *hope*.—So much a more ſubtle reaſoner is paſſion, than philoſophy.

MR. Brumpton is perfectly recovered, in his health, but ſomewhat altered, in his appearance. He is marked, a little, but not diſfigured; and his complection, which was naturally fair, has aſſumed a browner tint, from the diſorder. However, he ſtill retains the ſame natural ingenuouſneſs, and benevolence of countenance, that engages one's confidence, and

and affections, at firſt ſight; and all his manners, ſentiments, and actions, are reſponſible to his appearance. We ride out together, every day, now, but he ſtill has continued thoughtful, and ſilent.

HOWEVER, this evening, upon reading Mr. Harſtonge's letter, he ſeemed to forget, a while, his own uneaſineſs, in rejoicing at the *too ſanguine hopes* of his friend. He ſtiled them ſo. *Credula res amor eſt.* The amuſement of his expectations, ſaid he, may ſerve to keep up his ſpirits, during the vain purſuit, and therefore it would be cruel to deſtroy it.—But an oath is not to be abſolved, by ſophiſtry.—

YOU may judge of the different conſtitutions of the men, by their ſeveral opinions, upon the ſame ſubject. For my part, I am apt to incline, rather to Harſtonge's caſuiſtry, upon this point; for I generally, in nice, and difficult caſes, conſider more *the inward, and ſpiritual grace*, of a duty, or obligation, than the mere *outward, and viſible form*, of it.

I OWN that I was diſappointed too, in a further particular, by Mr. Brumpton's manner of receiving this letter.——I was in hopes of deducing ſome comfort to himſelf, from it, by ſhewing him how much ſlighter the barrier was, between his union with Miſs Dixon. But I find that he is not yet in a diſpoſition, for *amuſement*, according to his own expreſſion, above recited.

SHAKESPEAR'S lines, in his Venus and Adonis, are perfectly applicable to theſe different claſſes of lovers, though they relate, in the poem, to the general ſtate of the paſſion, in one ſubject, only.

" O hard believing love! how ſtrange it ſeems,
" Not to believe—and yet too credulous!
" Thy weal and woe, are both of them extremes;
" Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous!
" The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely;
" With likely thoughts the other kills thee quick-
" ly."

Farewel.

T. M.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton, encore.

WE are, in every circumſtance, in the ſame ſituation that I repreſented to you, in my laſt letter, except that Sir George Marriot has gone off to London, upon ſome pretence of buſineſs, or other, for a few days.

WHEN we were left alone, Mr. Brumpton thought proper to open his heart to me, a little, upon the preſent ſubject of his diſtreſs—He ſaid, that he deemed it to be too great a reſerve, in friendſhip, to be ſilent, any longer, with regard to the ſentiments and affections of his mind.

AFTER this preface, he declared to me, that after having eſſayed every kind of reſource, that was to be framed either in philoſophy, religion, or even in deſpair, he had found it ſo abſolutely impoſſible to ſubdue, or even to reſtrain his paſſion, that he was, at length, reduced to this ſole alternative, to endeavour at all poſſible means of being happy with Miſs Dixon, or to acquieſce in being wretched, *for life*, without her.

I DID not ſtrive with him. What arguments could I have urged, again his *final* determination, that his own ſenſe and virtue had not ſufficiently weighed, and conſidered, before, in vain? I had, therefore, no other meaſure of friendſhip to take, but to echo back his ſighs, to drop a correſpondent tear, and join with him to wiſh—impoſſibilities.

POOR Harſtonge's fate, and his, are too powerful for my nerves. The loſs of a limb would affect them leſs.—This would be but temporary, and local, but theſe tender regrets, wear away the finer fabrick of the mind, and ſoul and body both labour at once under the oppreſſion. I begin almoſt to wiſh, that I had

had ſome peculiar misfortune of my own, to reſent, in order to engroſs, or at leaſt divide, my ſenſations.

How irkſome a thing muſt it be, to a ſuſceptible mind, not to be able either to combat, or conſole the afflictions of a friend!

Quæ res in ſe neque conſilium, neque modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non poteſt.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Amiens.

I HAVE purſued my tour to this place, and have made the ſame inquiries, here, as at Tournay, and with as little ſucceſs, However, I ſhall not begin to deſpair, while there is one town, or city, on the Continent, uneſſayed. Should my ſearch be even then found unprofitable, there are the reſt of Europe, all Aſia, Africa, and America, ſtill open to my fond —I hope not fruitleſs, purſuit.

THIS exerciſe gives me ſpirits to ſupport my anxiety, and I contrive, alſo, to ſupply myſelf with the further amuſement of drawing the ſeveral landſcapes and buildings, which ſtrike me, on my tour. It is a great advantage to be poſſeſſed of ſome of theſe accompliſhments of life. I never travel without books; but I cannot read, becauſe I find it impoſſible to attend. Muſic, or painting, leave the mind free for reflection, and, at the ſame time, afford relief, from too intenſe an application to them.

THE reſources of friendſhip, too, are admirable, and inexhauſtible. I find a further ſolace in being at liberty to communicate my ſentiments, my concerns,

to

to you, and to my amiable friends, Sir Thomas, and Mr. Brumpton. I write firſt to you, as the poſt muſt paſs through your town, and that you can forward my letters, to England, after you have read them. I endeavour, you ſee, to think myſelf of conſequence to my friends. It is of ſervice, to myſelf.

I EXERT alſo a kind of curioſity, which is not natural to me, about the moſt ordinary circumſtances, in order to encourage a vacation of thought, from doubtful, and uneaſy reflections. I always inquire from my guides, the names, and deſcriptions, of the ſeveral ſeats, and improvements, which happen to lie in view, to the right or left, of my route; by which means, I ſometimes meet with things well worthy of obſervation; though, more generally, the *avocation*, only, is the whole reward of my trouble.

THIS morning, I took notice of a ſide of a green hill, near the road, which ſeemed to have been planted, in a moſt unaccountable manner. There appeared to be ſome contrivance, ſome deſign, executed, but the plan of it was too irregular, to be comprehended, without a nearer view. I aſked ſome account of it, from the poſtilion, and he anſwered me, that it was called *The lettered lawn*, but was not able to explain himſelf, further.

I ALIGHTED at the gate, and the gardener led me into the ground, and informed me, that it was an area, dedicated to *Friendſhip*, and that his lord had *planted* the names of all the perſons he loved, there; the men, in oak, and the women, in myrtle.

I OBSERVED that part of the ſoil had been lately diſturbed, as if ſome trees had been removed, from thence; upon which I inquired of the gardener, what had been the crime of thoſe friends, whoſe names had been obliterated out of ſo honourable a record?

IN anſwer to which, he led me up to the ſummit of the hill, and ſhewed me, on the declivity of the other ſide, the names of all thoſe who had been ſo removed, planted over again, in cypreſs, or yew; which was the manner he always uſed, upon the death

death of any of thoſe friends, who had been regiſtered in the former page.

THERE was ſomething new, in the idea, and a certain tenderneſs, in the ſentiment, that ſunk into my very ſoul, and marked its impreſſion there. I walked for an hour, in this *cenotaph* *, indulging in ſuch reflections, as correſponded with the ſcene. I was wrong, but melancholy is ſweet; and yet, ſhould not this appear unnatural? The human mind is a myſtery. ——It knows every thing, without it, better than it does itſelf.—

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXVII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I HAVE received the wanderer's letter, which you incloſed to me, and thank you for the account you are ſo kind to ſend me about Mrs. Sutton, yourſelf, and your little family. I am charmed with the thought of the *cenotaph*. It does honour to the planter. It has the ſame refined fondneſs in the idea, that there was in that of the *lachrymal urns*, I mentioned to you, ſome time ago §.

I AM not in a fit diſpoſition, for making any further obſervations, or reflections, upon Mr. Harſtonge's letter, as I am intereſted, at preſent, in a ſimilar pilgrimage, which is, juſt now, commencing, nearer home.

* A *vacant* tomb, erected to the memory of any one.
§ Letter LXI. par. 3.

SIR

Sir George Marriot returned here, yeſterday evening, from London. He had been to wait on Miſs Dixon, but was not admitted to ſee her, as ſhe was then confined to her chamber, having been but juſt recovered from a fever, which her aunt told him the two misfortunes ſhe had been the innocent occaſion of, *with ſome other emotions, and anxieties of mind*, had brought upon her.

She informed him, further, that the phyſicians had adviſed Miſs Dixon to ſhift the ſcene, as ſoon as poſſible, in order to amuſe her mind; and had preſcribed the air and waters, of *Aix la Chapelle*, for the re-eſtabliſhment of her health and ſpirits. This account ſhe concluded, with ſaying, that the tenth day of the next month, had been fixed upon, for their departure together.

Sir George aſked my opinion, whether we ought to communicate this piece of accidental intelligence, to Mr. Brumpton, or no? I heſitated, for a moment. But men are not to be treated like children. I thought that it would be too effeminate, to conceal any part of the information, from him; therefore by mutual conſent, we acquainted him, this morning, with the whole of it, and in the very terms, that the aunt had expreſſed herſelf in, upon the occaſion.

Mr. Brumpton fixed his eyes on the ground, for ſome minutes, without ſpeaking a word; then breaking ſilence, with a ſigh, My mind needs amuſement, and my health and ſpirits re-eſtabliſhment too, ſaid he, as much as Miſs Dixon's. I will purſue her, then, throughout this world, and if ſhe ſhould retire to the next, I will follow her there, alſo.

As ſoon as Mr. Brumpton had pronounced this reſolve, Sir George, with his uſual good nature, offered his company to attend him on his circuit; which kindneſs was moſt readily accepted of. I acknowledge that this motion coming from Sir George, relieved my mind, greatly, from the conflict it was, juſt then, labouring under.

I COULD not think of ſuffering him to travel alone, upon ſuch an errand, and yet I had but lately returned into my own country, and had a conſiderable portion of buſineſs, relative to my own affairs, to tranſact. I have alſo, the great ſcheme and purpoſe of life, ſo ſtrongly recommended to me, from my own principle, and prudence, and ſo well enforced too, both by your precept, and example, ſtill to attend to.

BESIDES, I think that this aſſociation will anſwer better for them both, too. Sir George knows Miſs Dixon, and may be admitted into her company, on the footing of an old acquaintance, which I could not be entitled to; and thus may he, poſſibly, in ſome ſort, be of ſervice to Mr. Brumpton, by becoming the medium of their reconciliation. A little traveling may be uſeful to Sir George, too. He has that placidneſs of nature, and flexibility of temper, in his mind and manners, which require ſome better knowledge of the world, than he has, hitherto, been practiſed in, to guard him againſt the conſequences of too much compliance and confidence, in the generality of mankind.

HE is a younger, and a more healthy man, alſo, than I am; and may, therefore, be ſuppoſed better able to ſuſtain the feelings of friendſhip, and conflicts of ſentiment, which I happen to be but too much ſuſceptible of. Though, indeed, I have not much apprehenſion for him, with regard to theſe particulars; for there is a certain oilineſs in his mind, which ſheaths the corroſives of anxiety, and ſuffers the arrows of adverſity, to ſlide harmleſsly by, without being able to impreſs a wound.

THERE are many perſons, of this character, in life, who are not however, without their enjoyments, and their friends. They feel a ſatisfaction, in their own advantages, and a good natured *acquieſcence*, in thoſe of others, alſo. Their happineſs, too, is of a purer kind, becauſe unmixed with the more poignant reliſhes.

THIS

THIS temperament, though, is owing, rather to the conſtitution of the body, than to the frame of the mind; for the moſt perfect philoſophy cannot form it, where a due qualification of phlegm, does not firſt enter into the compoſition—Such people are, however, very uſeful members of ſociety—They make good guardians, and executors, good ſurgeons, and phyſicians, good nurſe-tenders, and very *reaſonable*, but *inſipid* friends, alſo.

THE generous warmths of friendſhip, partake not ſo much the nature of *phrenzy*, as the world is apt to impute to them. They ariſe from a ſuperior refinement of taſte and ſentiment, which renders ſuch perſons more ſuſceptible of the beauties of the liberal arts, alſo. *A true friend* is more quickly captivated, with the charms of poetry, the delights of painting, the graces of ſtatuary, and the harmony of muſic, than the *reaſonable*, or *acquieſcent* ones can ever be ſenſible of.

" Love ſtrikes the heart, as harmony the ear,
" The taſte alone that's delicate, can hear *."

THIS noble enthuſiaſm of the ſoul, betokens, likewiſe, a richneſs in the ſoil of the mind, fertile of every virtue. It is this that tranſports us, *beyond* ourſelves, and gives a preference, to other objects; it is this that enables love to ſurvive paſſion, and will render the mutual happineſs, of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, coæval with their lives. A cold conſtitution generates nothing, but diſtruſt, caution, avarice, and ſelf-love. This character may make a good *citizen*; but the divine warmth of the former, is that quickening ſpirit, which ripens us into patriots, and inſpires religion. Addiſon ſays, juſtly, of the lukewarm Chriſtian, that " he *wants parts*, to be devout, and " could as ſoon make an *epic poem*, as a *fervent pray-* " *er*."

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœleſtium inanes!

* The Cook's Tale. CHAUCER.

A MONTH, after Miſs Dixon's period, is fixed on, for their commencing their tour; that they may not interfere with her route, nor too ſuddenly rouſe the emotions of her mind, before the exerciſe of her journey, and the healing effects of the waters, may have reſtored her health ſufficiently, to be able to encounter the firſt interview.

I SHALL be then left alone, to purſue the ſcheme of life, already hinted at, *The world before me, where to chooſe, and Providence my guide.*

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Soiſſons.

MES *egarements du corps*, but not *du cœur* have brought me hither. But whether I am nearer, or farther off, from the ultimate object of my purſuit, there has yet appeared no ſtar, no land-mark, to enable me to judge from.

IT is almoſt a ſhame to be melancholic, among theſe people; for France, ſurely, is the merrieſt nation in the world. They are never ſerious, *except upon trifles*—A fan, a ſnuff-box, a ſolitaire, or the cut of a ſleeve, are often ſolemn topics of argument; and they enter into them, generally, with ſo much earneſtneſs, that one, who did not underſtand the language, might be apt to imagine they were debating, about the conſequence of a war, with England, which has been always fatal to them.

THIS renders the ſociety, I occaſionally meet with, here, very unſatisfactory to me. It amuſes, only, not engages. It anſwers the end of diſſipation, meerly;

meerly; not of *avocation*, which I am ſo much in queſt of. Were I to remain long among ſuch *polite people*, I ſhould become *a bear*, at laſt. Perſons who live alone, like princes, ſoon grow inſenſible to their own faults, and caprices, becauſe they meet with none to reprove them. This would happen to be my caſe, in effect, were I to aſſociate, for any time, with thoſe, whom I have neither reſpect, awe, nor eſteem for.

IT is not good for man to be alone, is true, in more ſenſes than one—And, for this reaſon, I ſubmit all the indifferent actions of my preſent life, to the government of others; even to the meaneſt of thoſe I have here to deal with. I wait for, or ſit down to my meals, at the ſole appointment of my hoſts, or ſervants; and intirely acquieſce in the routes and ſtages, that my guides, or poſtilions determine for me.

BY this means, I am preparing myſelf for the ſtate of matrimony, while I am in purſuit of the object of it. In which connection, I am very certain that no man or woman either, was ever happy, who made themſelves the principal end, the *perſpective point*, of all their views, and directions. We cannot be too difficult, or obſtinate, in our morals, nor too eaſy, and flexible, in our manners.

I HAVE no hope of finding the fair fugitive in this place, as the congreſs is held here, at this time, and it muſt be natural to the preſent diſpoſition of her mind, to fly from noiſe, and hurry. So I ſhall only remain here, till I have made the moſt minute inquiry about her, by aſking at all the hotels, and auberges, in Soiſſons, whether any perſon, under her deſcription, had lately paſſed this way.

Adieu, my friend.

E. H.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I SEND you Mr. Harſtonge's letter, encloſed. He is ſeeking for *avocation*, and laments his miſſing it. But he is miſtaken—He finds it, in the very ſearch. I think this is ſufficiently apparent, from the temperate ſtile of his laſt letter.

THE reſolution he framed, upon the firſt impulſe, though idle and extravagant, at the time, *Quid fruſtra ſimulachria fugacia captas?* has, however, been of admirable ſervice to him. Had he returned, immediately, into England, after his misfortune, his paſſion, his deſpair, with the co-operation of the climate, might poſſibly have run him into madneſs. The idea of his purſuit was formed upon hope, which naturally attends a ſanguine diſpoſition, to prevent its exceſſes. This moderates his impatience, for the preſent, and affords that greater phyſician, *time*, ſufficient leiſure, to extract the poiſon from his wound.

So that at any period, now, ſhould he happen to be convinced, that all further ſearch were vain, that certainty, which, lately, might have wrought him up to diſtraction, may probably, hereafter, terminate in diſappointment, only, not deſpair.

PEOPLE are generally found to have the beſt ſpirits in froſty weather; which ſhews the admirable diſpoſition of nature, to reſiſt preſſing evils. So do difficulties and diſtreſſes give an elaſticity to our minds, if we would exert them—But ſuccumbing, effeminately, under our misfortunes, is like ſitting ſtill, while it is freezing, inſtead of preſerving the thaw in our blood, by exerciſe.

OUR other knight errant, who is going ſoon to aſſume the launce and helmet, is, as you obſerve, of a very different complexion; and all our hopes, for him, muſt ariſe, rather from the leſſer difficulty of his ſituation, than from time, exertion or diſſipation. Though, poſſibly, the obſtacle, in his caſe, may not be

be leſs; for, to a delicate and refined mind, an indecorum may *forbid the bands*, as ſtrongly as an oath.

After Mr. Brumpton has been a little while at Spa, I deſign to take a jaunt thither, and introduce myſelf to the honour of his acquaintance. Mr. Sutton ſhall accompany me thither; and if Miſs Dixon happens to mix, at all, in the world, we ſhall endeavour to become acquainted with her. Some favourable event may, poſſibly, be deduced, from ſuch a connection. One woman is a confidante worth fifty men, in all affairs of love, or difficulty.

Mr. Brumpton is already minuted down, as a member of our *probationary claſs*; and if we can adopt Miſs Dixon into it, alſo, our collective ſociety may then conſider itſelf, as an excluſive world of its own, and ſo frame laws and maxims, for our new *Eutopia*, which may, perhaps, accommodate our vows, and ſcruples.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LXX.

Sir Thomas Medway, *To Mr.* Sutton.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I Received the pleaſure of your encloſed, with your ingenious, and philoſophic reflections, upon it. But let that paſs, for the preſent—I cannot think of other peoples adventures. I have had one, myſelf, lately.

I happened to go with Sir George Marriot, laſt week, to an aſſembly, at Windſor. I danced there; and after the minuet, as I was handing my partner to her ſeat, I overheard a young lady, who ſat near her, inquire, with remarkable earneſtneſs, who I was? and when ſhe heard my name, a very lively emotion became more ſtrongly viſible in her features, look and geſture.

I COULD not account for this effect, but found myſelf ſuddenly ſenſible of a ſort of ſympathetic confuſion, upon the occaſion; to which the tranſcendency of the perſon's beauty, very conſiderably contributed. I did not ſuffer my eyes to dwell, for a moment, on each particular charm, leſt it might have augmented her perturbation, as well as my own. But after a general, and curſory view, of the loveliеſt, and warmeſt complexion I had ever beheld, I retreated, immediately, to the farther end of the room.

I GAZED on her, at a diſtance, for the reſt of the evening, and had once reſolved to go up, and aſk her to be my partner, at country dances; but I was, on the ſudden, deprived of all aſſurance. A thing of meer courſe, and common courteſey, in any other caſe, ſeemed to require an *etiquette*, with regard to her; and while I continued under the dominion of ſuch an unaccountable diffidence, and awe, I could as ſoon have taken the princeſs royal by the hand, and attempted to have led up the ball with her.

SHE did not dance, nor did I. I ſaw ſeveral perſons, of the firſt conſideration, in the aſſembly, offer her their hands, but ſhe refuſed. About ten o'clock, this lovely woman retired from the rooms, and left me full of muſings, and indeterminate ideas; in which vague reflections I continued, for about a quarter of an hour, till a ſervant came up to me, in the aſſembly, and preſented me with a ſealed billet. I opened it, in trembling haſte, and found a card containing theſe words.

"LADY Walden's compliments to Sir Thomas "Medway, and deſires the honour of his company, "to ſupper, this evening, at her apartments, in the "Caſtle."

WHO her ladyſhip was, I knew not. I could not imagine that the very pretty young woman, whom I had remarked at the aſſembly, could have obtained a title, and have been *ripened into ſo much frankneſs*, at the age of eighteen, which was the moſt ſhe appeared to be. However, I felt, or rather perſuaded myſelf, into an opinion, that the meſſage muſt have proceeded

proceeded from her; therefore I readily complied; and not without a good deal of perplexity.

The whole air of this matter, had ſomething uncommon in it, which puzzled me, in vain, to account for. However, as it reſts upon thoſe who make advances, to explain their motives, I reſolved to attend the event, without any farther anxiety, or reſerve. I took leave of Sir George, whom I left dancing, without letting him into any part of this adventure; but pretending buſineſs, immediately repaired to the place of aſſignation.

Mr. Brampton and Sir George are, this moment, ſetting out upon their tour to Aix la Chapelle, and I ſhall travel with them, as far as *Dover*; from whence, as ſoon as they have ſailed, you ſhall hear further, from dear Sutton's truly affectionate friend,

T. M.

P. S. My moſt reſpectful compliments to Mr. Sutton, and I wiſh her ſucceſs in her friendly ſcheme, about Miſs Dixon.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Sutton.

Paris.

I Came hither, rather as to a reſting place, than one of ſearch. It is not in ſuch gay ſcenes that melancholy would chooſe to take up its *ſejour*. I have been here a week, as I have not been well; and have amuſed my mind, by ſeeing every thing curious, in this city, or the environs of it.

Paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti—

Just after I arrived here, I went to hear an extraordinary machine of clock-work, that, among va-

rious other exhibitions, performed ſeveral fine pieces of muſic, on the organ. The execution I acknowledge to have been the moſt complete harmony I had ever heard. And yet, it did not afford me near ſo much pleaſure, as a leſſon leſs perfectly played by the hand, would have done. I felt no ſympathy, I apprehended no difficulty, nor was I flattered by the excellence of a man.

All appearances of art, leſſen our pleaſures. A *jet d' eau* is a more extraordinary object, than *a water-fall*; and yet the latter, by being natural, charms us more. But ſhould we be told that the river which ſupplied it, was raiſed by the force of machinery, from behind, as is the caſe in moſt of moſt of the improvements here, a cataract and a ſquirting fountain, would then become equally indifferent to us.

However, I have gone to liſten to this organ, every day ſince, meerly to indulge my ears with melody, without reflection. I love muſic to exceſs. I prefer it even to poetry, or painting, in one particular, that the enjoyment of it is more immediate. It reſembles love, in this, that every note is ſweet, from firſt to laſt. And even after it has ceaſed, a thrilling pleaſure dwells ſtill upon the ſoul, and vibrates in the ear. But, with regard to the other arts, juſt mentioned, our ſatisfaction commences not, till the work is finiſhed, and continues not after the ſeeing, or reading, be paſt.

Among the profuſion of ornament and magnificence, with which their buildings and palaces, here, abound, I have been ſhewn ſeveral cielings, in this city, and at *Verſailles* painted at a great expence, which afforded me no manner of delight. Some of them repreſented a *fricaſſy* of cherubims, with here a head, and there a leg, or an arm, peeping through the clouds, which looked like a good rich, thick ſauce, poured about them. In other places I met with *ſky painted cielings*, that were enough to ſmother one. This is a rare inſtance of *falſe taſte*. For if the ſky was really ſo near us, as it there appears to be, we ſhould not be able to breathe. An aſthmatic

perſon

perſon would be almoſt ſuffocated, in the room. It might be ſome relief to the ſpectator, perhaps, if a *ventilator* had been painted in the middle of it.

I SHALL ſet out, to-morrow, for Orleans.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I RECEIVED your letter, and wiſh you joy, of your ſuſceptibility. It is a charming ſenſation, and wants but immortality, to render us deities, in happineſs, at leaſt. But oh! this heaven has its hell, alſo. Mrs. Sutton has lately fallen ill, of an alarming diſorder; and the agony I ſuſtain, upon hearing her moan, quickened by the unheroic, unphiloſophic, unchriſtian, but *manlike* dread, I feel, at the thought of loſing her, is not to be expreſſed intelligibly to you, yet; nor even to be conceived by Brumpton, by Harſtonge, or any other man, who has loſt only a miſtreſs.

ADIEU——for I can think of nothing but her, nor can endure to ſpeak to any one elſe, even now, while ſhe ſleeps.

C. S.

To Mrs. SUTTON.

WHEN hiſtory records the *cloud-capt* domes,
Of ancient date, now moulder'd to decay,
I dread the envious ſtride of time, that comes,
Like a foul thief, to ſteal thy life away!

WHENE'ER I turn the poet's flattering page,
And read of beauties, long entomb'd in duſt,
I fear the canker-worm of waſting age,
May nip thy thread, as, ah! too ſoon it muſt!

STILL as I view the bloſſoms of the ſpring,
Matured by genial ſuns to ſummer's pride,
The falling leaves of autumn, warnings bring,
That death and winter are too near allied!

OH! ſhould kind nature this fond option give,
That to thy years my own might added be,
In thy ſurvival I would gladly live,
Nor feel a pang, but that of leaving thee!

Anno matrimonii, xviii.

C. S.

LETTER LXXIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dover.

MY friends have juſt ſet ſail, with all appearances of a ſafe voyage. A tight veſſel, a fair wind, and a briſk gale. Their departure was not a matter of indifference to me; and though the ſeparation is no more, than muſt, of courſe, have happened, at this time, by my being obliged to quit them, yet there is a conſiderable difference, between *leaving*, and *being left*. I wiſh philoſophers who have nothing elſe to do, would tell us why.

BUT to continue my adventure. As I was walking up to the *Enchanted Caſtle*, like ſome *atchieving knight*, I happened to recollect that there was a Sir James Walden, who was one of the commiſſioners of trade and plantations. I remembered to have ſeen

ſeen him, juſt before I went abroad, and he appeared to have been an infirm man, of near ſeventy years of age.

THERE is no ſtopping the courſe of vain, or idle thoughts, which ſometimes obtrude themſelves on our minds, whether we will, or no. All we can do is to correct, and chaſtiſe them, for their impertinence. I confeſs that the parallel, of the marquis and marchioneſs D'Etoile, occurred ſtrongly to me, at that inſtant, though with a vaſt diſadvantage, in the compariſon of the ladies. But then, to do myſelf juſtice, again, give me leave to aſſure you, that the moral lectures I had given poor Harſtonge, upon that ſubject, recurred as ſtrongly to my mind, at the ſame time.

THOUGH now, after all, and not to be too ſevere, is there not a vaſt difference, between the caſes? Is a woman *ſolicited*, and one *ſoliciting*, the ſame thing? Theſe ſalvos in morality are the devil. They ſap the foundation of many a good Chriſtian, I am afraid. And I begin to ſuſpect, that one is apt to judge, more ſeverely, for others, than for themſelves.

WHEN I arrived at the *Caſtle*, I was immediately led up, and annonced into lady Walden's apartments. A ſtorm is riſing, and I am full of alarm. I muſt run down to the quay, and conſult the ſeamen about it.

Adieu.

T. M.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Orleans.

I HAVE been here, theſe ten days, and after much fruitleſs inquiry, was ſetting forward, on my route, this morning, when my ſervant came running into the room, in an ecſtaſy, to acquaint me, that he had ſeen the marchioneſs, juſt then, ſtepping into a chariot, from the porch of a convent, in the next ſtreet.

I ASKED him with impatience and reſentment, why he had not inſtantly mounted his horſe, and purſued the carriage, to the place of its final deſtination, diſpatching couriers to me, from every ſtage, on the way? But he ſoon rendered me happy, again, by telling me, that the chariot ſhe went into, was not her own equipage, but a common hired one, for taking the air; and that as there was but a pair of horſes to it, and none of her ſervants were mounted to attend her, he concluded, that ſhe could not be, then proceeding on a journey; and which, he ſaid, he was further ſatisfied of, by running up to the porch of the convent, and making a ſhort inquiry, from the portreſs.

As ſoon as my tranſport had given me time for reflection, I remained, for ſome time, ſuſpended, between love, and reaſon, after what manner I had beſt conduct myſelf, upon this lucky occaſion: whether to watch the moment of her return, meet her at the portal of the convent, as if by chance, follow her into the houſe, throw myſelf at her feet, and plead thoſe arguments I hinted to you, in ſome former letter †?

OR whether, as prudence, and propriety required, I ſhould afford her grief time to abate, ſuffer the tender ſentiments ſhe had expreſſed toward me, in her laſt letter, to gather ſtrength, and only unob-

† Letter LXIII. par. 4.

ſerved

ſerved attend her motions, from place to place, till the interval, which decency, and the forms of widowhood, had eſtabliſhed, ſhould be paſſed over, before I ventured to renew any further ſolicitation?

NEITHER of theſe meaſures have ſatisfied my mind; the firſt was too precipitate, and the latter too dilatory; ſo that I have ſuffered the day to ſpend itſelf, without having been yet able to determine, upon what other purpoſe to purſue, till the poſthorn has ſummoned me to cloſe my letter; affording me but juſt time to ſay, my dear friends,

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXXV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dover

THE ſtorm blew ſoon over, and I am alſo become calm again. I wiſh that nature would rid us of thoſe ſenſations, which render us uneaſy, without being, any way, ſerviceable to others, though ſhe were even to double thoſe feelings, that might conduce, either to their happineſs, or advantage. I am now returned back to my inn, with ſufficient compoſure to continue my adventure, at Windſor Caſtle, againſt the next poſt.

WHEN I arrived there, I was led through a ſuite of apartments, and received at the end of them, by an elderly lady.—A *duenna*, ſaid I, aſide——— but of a genteel air, and richly dreſſed; who riſing from a couch, advanced to receive me, with a ſmile.

"A MERE Engliſhman, ſaid ſhe, might, perhaps, "be ſurprized at the freedom, I have taken, of "inviting a perfect ſtranger, to a private party, at "a minute's

" a minute's warning. But as we have both of us
" been abroad, Sir Thomas, an adventure of this
" kind, may poſſibly not appear ſo extraordinary,
" and unprecedented a thing, to either of us."

I WAS diſappointed.——I felt myſelf in an awkward ſituation. I bowed, and attempted a ſmile, which being forced, *invitâ Minervâ*, I perceived had extended to a grin.——" Madam, ſaid I, this
" world is ſo full of adventure, every where, that
" a perſon need not ſtir out of his own country, nor
" be a day older than I am, to be not eaſily
" ſurprized, at any thing. So that all I am ſenſi-
" ble of, upon the preſent occaſion, is the honour
" I have received, in the kindneſs of your lady-
" ſhip's invitation."

I FELT myſelf confounded, and aſhamed, at the vanity and impertinence of my firſt idea about this matter, and very ſufficiently mortified for the ſmall ſpice of libertiniſm, which had, for a moment, obtruded itſelf upon my moral, on this occaſion. The lady ſeemed quickly to perceive my difficulty——ſhe hinted it to me; but, to my ſurprize, appeared to be rather diverted, than piqued, at it.

AFTER a few ſtrokes of raillery, intermixed with ſome equivocal expreſſions, which augmented my ambiguity, and diſtreſs, ſhe, at length, took compaſſion on my ſufferings, and aſſured me, that ſhe had, really, no manner of deſign upon me, herſelf, but had only taken the commode office upon her, of inviting me to her apartments, at the earneſt ſolicitation of another lady, whom, ſaid ſhe, with an arch ſmile, ſuch *ſuperficial* gallants, as you appear to be, may probably prefer before me, as ſhe happens to be both younger, and handſomer, than I am———*at preſent*.

So ſaying, ſhe ſtepped into an adjacent chamber, and immediately returned, leading forth the lovely fair one I had diſtinguiſhed, at the ball.

" They, came, like radiant Truth,
" Brought forward by the hand of hoary Time."

I advanced

I advanced to meet them, and lady Walden preſented the young lady to me, by no other appellation, than that of *The curious maid.* She curt'ſied, and bluſhed.

SUPPER was, at that inſtant, annonced.—

Adieu.

T. M.

P. S. I have juſt received your letter forwarded to me here, with an account of Mrs. Sutton's indiſpoſition. Had I received it before I ſat down to write, condolence, and anxious inquiries about her health, would have been the ſole ſubjects of my letter. I ſhould not have had lightneſs enough to have troubled you with any matter relative to myſelf, or others, while your heart, your mind—your ſoul, which is the reſult of both, muſt be ſo wholly occupied, by that beſt, that higheſt, that *ultimate*, both as *firſt* and *laſt*, concern of life.

I SHALL certainly receive a letter from you, by next poſt. You could not, ſurely, be ſo ungenerous as to neglect it. You muſt not expect a line from me, upon any other ſubject, but this, till you have afforded me the happineſs of hearing that you are rendered perfectly whole again.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I HAVE the tranſport to inform you, that Mrs. Sutton is now out of danger. Her diſorder was one of thoſe ſhort fevers, attended with a ſore throat, that

that come ſoon to a criſis, either of death, or cure. She is ſtill weak, and low.

THE interval of ſuſpenſe, was horrible to me. I had flattered myſelf into a vain opinion, that my breaſt was become the modern porch of all ancient philoſophy, but Providence has taken advantage, of this occaſion, to chaſtiſe my preſumption.

I HAD ſuſtained moſt of the evils of life; pain, ſickneſs, diſtreſs, oppreſſion, and even ingratitude, without impatience, or repining. I vainly then imagined that my ſtrength was equal to every trial. But on this experiment, having had the opportunity, of comparing all thoſe ills, together, with the ſingle loſs, I lately apprehended, I inſtantly cried out, with *Helena*,

"Better it were
"That all the miſeries which Nature owes,
"Were mine, at once*."——

I FELT infinitely more, than a ſlighter man would have done, upon the ſame occaſion; for all that ſenſibility, which in others is diſſipated by diviſion, among many objects of unhappineſs, was, in me, ſolely exerciſed upon one.

I GREW old in an inſtant. My attachments to life, to fortune, even to my dear children, were, at once, weaned away. My ſoul ſeemed to have taken its flight, before her, and kept hovering, as if waiting only for her coming. And when ſhe recovered, I felt like one but juſt awakened from a lethargy; my anguiſh, agonies, and fears, appearing to me like a ſhocking dream, the reality of which, and life, methought, could have ſubſiſted together.

OUR religion forbids ſuch ſuicide, as the Malabarian rites have inſtituted; but I do moſt ſincerely wiſh, for my own part, that the myſtery of marriage, which pronounces man and wife to be but one fleſh, had al-

* *All's Well, that ends Well.*

SHAKESPEAR.

ſo

alſo ſubjected them both, to the ſame inſtant of mortality, together. In ſuch a fond connection, the firſt but ſleeps, "it is the ſurvivor dies," or worſe, who *languiſhes.*

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LXXVII.

Sir GEORGE MARRIOT, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Calais.

WE arrived here, three or four days ago, after a rough voyage, ſick, but ſafe. Mr. Brumpton was much fatigued on board, which has detained us here ſo long. But he ſays he will be able to begin his journey to Aix la Chapelle, to-morrow.

IT is ſurpriſing, that ſo narrow a ſea ſhould divide ſuch different nations. Whether the air, or the manners of the people, have inſpired me, I cannot ſay, but I am actually become a *Frenchman*, ſince my landing here—*natio comœdia eſt.* A friend of mine, who had been abroad, for ſome time, uſed to ſay, that in England he was often dull, without knowing why; and in France, or Italy, frequently chearful, with as little reaſon.

I ACTUALLY begin, already, to feel the force of *Monteſquieu's* principle, in his *Spirit of Laws*, that the ſeveral conſtitutions of the reſpective ſtates of the world, are not owing ſo much to political legiſlation, as to the ſeveral complexions of ſocieties. I am convinced there are *climates* for deſpotiſm, as well as for common-wealths.

OUR friend, Mr. Brumpton, continues ſtill an Engliſhman——thoughtful, and reſerved. His melancholic paſſion, perhaps, may preſerve this difference between us.—For my part, I never have been

in

in love.—All the diſtinctions I have ever yet been able to form, with regard to the amiable ſex, has been between the young, and the old, the handſome, and the homely. *La belle paſſion* I have been, hitherto, a ſtranger to.

And ſhould I deſire ever to become acquainted with it? The inſtances of Mr. Brumpton, and Mr. Harſtonge, I think, ſhould rather caution me againſt ſuch an artachment. But we are not maſters of our deſtiny.—Nay, in contradiction to the very terms of philoſophy, we may affirm that we are not at liberty, even to *chooſe our own choice.*——So let the fates diſpoſe of me as they will, I hope I ſhall be always ſufficiently reſigned to the caſual events of human life.

To-morrow we ſhall ſet forward on our road to Aix.—Mr. Brumpton participates his affections with you, and believe me to be, dear Sir, your ſincere friend, and

Moſt obedient ſervant,

George Marriot.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Sutton.

Orleans.

While I was debating with myſelf, laſt night, my ſervant went to the convent, in the duſk of the evening, to make ſome particular inquiries about the marchioneſs, and returned to me with this information relating to her. That ſhe had lately come thither, by the Paris road, in a widow's garb, eſcorted by an handſome equipage and ſervants, in deep mourning; all which ſhe diſcharged the next morning. That ſhe conceals her rank and name, appears to be in deep affliction, has fixed her reſi-

dence

dence in that houſe, for the remainder of her days; and is preparing to enter into the profeſſion of a *recluſe*, there, immediately, during life.

THE latter part of this account, rendered me extremely miſerable. I reſolved and unreſolved a number of mad or improbable ſchemes, every moment; till at length, after paſſing a ſleepleſs, and unhappy night, I determined, this morning, to write a letter to her, in anſwer to her laſt to me; which I accordingly did, as ſoon as I was able to collect my ſcattered wits together, and compoſe my mind ſufficiently, to undertake a buſineſs of ſuch infinite moment, to the happineſs of my life.

IN this letter, I urged my former declaration of paſſion, I reaſoned upon the expreſſions of her vow, and pleaded the other one ſhe was going ſoon to enter into, as an apology for my having preſumed to renew my addreſſes, thus early, in her ſtate of viduity.——To which I added more prayer, ſupplication, and intreaty, than I am ſure I could ever have condeſcended to have made uſe of, were it to redeem my life, from any other ſentence, but hers.

AFTER I had ſealed the letter, a new difficulty occurred to me, with regard to the ſuperſcription, as ſhe chooſes to keep herſelf concealed——for what reaſon, I cannot conceive, except to baffle my purſuit.——However, having directed my ſervant to inquire by what denomination ſhe was ſtiled, in the houſe, I made uſe of it for the addreſs, and put the letter into the hands of the portreſs of the convent, myſelf, with a fee, to deliver into hers, upon the firſt fair opportunity.

WITH what doubt, and anxiety, I wait the event, let Brumpton tell!

Adieu.

E. H.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

I HAVE returned hither, becauſe I would be at *home*, and now there is no other ſpot in England, where I feel I have any manner of connection.

I THANK you moſt cordially, for the kindneſs of your laſt letter.——I wiſh you joy.—I find that virtue is rewarded, even in this life, according to my poor Brumpton's opinion *. I hope he may find the merit of ſuch a ſentiment, rewarded, by having it verified, in his own caſe. Let us join, alſo, in congratulating each other, upon the ſituation of poor Harſtonge's affair. I hope for him,——but hope is natural to me, as well as to you. The philoſophy that ſifts it, too cloſely, is not a wiſdom for this life.

BUT to return to Windſor.——Philoſophers ſay, falſely, that beauty is arbitrary; that uſe, cuſtom, or habit, alone, eſtabliſhes its empire. I ſhall leave them to argue it, in architecture, or all the reſt of the arts and ſciences; but with regard, to the *human face divine*, the Europeans muſt certainly bear the *belle*, againſt all the negro nations, *under the ſun*.

FOR, not to inſiſt on the preference of a white ſkin, before a black one, which may be but an arbitrary idea, yet ſurely the difference of colours, in the blueneſs of the veins, the ſuffuſion of the cheeks, with the contraſt of the hair, muſt afford a more pleaſing variety to the eye, than mere black and white can poſſibly do. We are *pictures*, they but *prints*.

THE *curious maid* is infinitely the loveliеſt woman I ever beheld All her features have the moſt exact ſymmetry of proportion, enlivened with that happy expreſſion of countenance, which alone characteriſes beauty; and her complexion is compounded of the two colours, that betoken innocence, and modeſty.

* Letter XLV. part 4.

" That

" That had Narciſſus ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
" Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood."

BUT why ſhould we ranſack the flower-gardens of poeſy, to illuſtrate ſuch a ſubject, as this? The comparing of female beauties, to thoſe of inanimate nature, is, in my opinion, the *art of ſinking*, in deſcription. The very reverſe ſhould be the poet's ſtile. He ought rather to liken the bluſhes of Aurora, to his Chloe's cheeks; the ſweetneſs of a roſe, to her breath; the whiteneſs of a lily, to her ſkin; and the luſtre of a diamond, to her eyes.

THERE is an inexpreſſible melody, alſo, in her voice, which catches the attention, even before ſhe has half expreſſed her ſenſe.——The tones of her ſpeech, are like the notes of an Æolian lyre, which captivate, and charm the liſtening ear, even without a tune.

" Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid?
" With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart?
" Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
" Who died of love, theſe ſweet complainings
" part *."

I WAS then ſenſible, for the firſt time, of that refined idea, which Sir George ſays he has never yet experienced; and am now convinced, that I never *lived*, before. For till I loved, I felt myſelf capable of more happineſs, than I ever knew how to enjoy; but ſince, I begin to find myſelf ſenſible of more, than I had before ever even imagined.

I COULD dwell on this fond ſubject, for ever; nor does virtue forbid ſuch ſweet indulgence, when the good *Syneſius*, biſhop of Cyrene, a divine, and a philoſopher, ſays, " That God had joined the ſoul " to the body, by the links of pleaſure, to take off

* Thomſon on the Æolian harp.

" the

" the heavy weight of ſluggiſh matter, ſo little, " otherwiſe, fitted to its intellectual nature."

I AM ſunk, ſay elevated, in contemplation.—You have yourſelf felt extaſy. You would not wiſh, then, to interrupt mine.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXXX.

Sir GEORGE MARRIOT, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

WE have arrived here, after ſome fatigue. Travelling ſlow is more tireſome than going faſt. Briſk exerciſe rouſes up ſpirits that reſiſt wearineſs. The relaxed ſpring of Mr. Brumpton's mind prevented his keeping pace with my activity, and I retarded my own motions, rather than precipitate his. He is not likely to receive ſo much benefit from journeying, and diſſipation, as your friend Mr. Harſtonge ſeems to have done. He thinks deeper, which is, by no means, an advantage to him.

WE have inquired about Miſs Dixon, and find that ſhe is here, and has drank the waters, with good effect. We have neither of us yet appeared, either at the wells, or on the walks, for fear of alarming her. We keep ourſelves entirely within doors, and have even aſſumed feigned names, in order to conceal ourſelves the better.

THIS confinement and reſtraint is extremely irkſome to me, and I really begin to think, that I ſacrifice almoſt as much to friendſhip, as he does to love. Eſpecially as I ſee women, every hour, walking before our windows, that, for my own part, I ſhould prefer even to Miſs Dixon, But infatuations are

are not to be combated by reaſon. I am free to chooſe, while the ill-fated Brumpton has no option left. My philoſophy has not yet been able to account for this difference between us.

HOWEVER, I have one conſolation, under my preſent circumſtances, which is, that this place has but very little company in it, at preſent, on account of the war on the Continent, which has extended itſelf ſo near to the circle of Weſtphalia, that none but the people of the country, or real invalids, and not the numerous hoſt of *valetudinarians in health*, that uſually ſwarm in ſuch places, have yet ventured to reſort hither.

WE drink the waters, regularly, in our own apartments; Mr. Brumpton on account of his health; and I do ſo, likewiſe, not that I imagine myſelf to be comprehended in either of the claſſes, above mentioned, but that I acknowledge myſelf to be ſuch a lover of ſociety, that I would cultivate it, even in water.

OUR friend recommends himſelf to your good wiſhes, and you will give me leave to aſſure you that I am, dear Sir Thomas, your truly affectionate

Humble ſervant,

G. M.

P. S. We intreat the favour of you to forward every letter you receive, either from Mr. Harſtonge, or Mr. Sutton, to us, here.

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Orleans.

MY anxiety and impatience were great, from the moment I had delivered the letter to the portreſs, till this morning; when my ſervant brought me the following card, which had been delivered to him, at the door.

"A PERSON who has ſomething to communicate "to Mr. Harſtonge, deſires to know at what hour he "will be at home, and diſengaged, that he may do "himſelf the honour of waiting on him."

I ANSWERED it immediately, fixed the preſent moment, and in a little while after, a grave, elderly, decent looking man, who by his formality, his obſequiouſneſs, and his benedictions, I ſoon diſcovered to be *un pere d'egliſe*, was uſhered into my apartment.

THIS circumſtance afforded me a conſiderable ſhare of ſatisfaction, as it occurred inſtantly to me, that I might, poſſibly, be able to purchaſe the friendſhip and interceſſion of the *bon pere*, whoſe concurrence might probably, be ſerviceable to me, upon this critical occaſion.

AFTER he had performed his *rehearſals*, he put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a paper, which I quickly perceived to be the very letter I had written to the marchioneſs, the day before; and preſenting it to me, "I am ſorry, ſon, ſaid he, that "I ſhould happen to be employed upon ſo ungrate-"ful an errand, as I am, at preſent, commiſſioned "to perform. I can well judge, continued he, "from the circumſtances alluded to, in that letter, "what a mortifying diſappointment it muſt be to "you, Sir, to be informed, that the lady, to whom "it was directed, has deſired me to aſſure you, that "ſhe moſt ſincerely commiſerates your difficulties, "and diſtreſs, which ſhe feels the ſtronger, from the "ſympathy of her own misfortunes, but, at the "ſame

"ſame time, to acquaint you, that ſhe is not the "perſon for whom that letter was intended, and "is a perfect ſtranger, as well to you, Sir, as to "every particular, or circumſtance, of the letter "itſelf."

JUDGE, my dear Sutton, both of my aſtoniſhment, and diſappointment! I did not, I could not, give credit to him; or thought at leaſt, that he had himſelf been impoſed on; and that the marchioneſs had made uſe of this fineſſe, in order to elude my purſuit, and ſolicitation.

I TOLD him my ſuſpicion, my fears, and grew almoſt diſtracted. The good old father endeavoured to moderate my emotions, by informing me, that he was confeſſor to the convent, where the lady reſided, and that ſhe had, above ten days ago, delivered her confeſſion to him; in which, he aſſured me, that ſhe had ſet forth an account of her life, very different from the incidents that had been hinted at, in my letter.

ALL this appeared to be very plauſible; however, the affirmation of my ſervant, who had ſeen her often at Aix la Chapelle, with the ſeveral particulars that he had been informed of, at the convent, ſeemed to contradict the probability of his ſtory, ſufficiently, to ſuffer me ſtill to doubt the truth of the prieſt's relation.

THE good old man, obſerving my heſitation, very kindly offered me an opportunity, of convincing myſelf about the matter, by telling me, that he would afford me an occaſion of ſeeing the lady, myſelf, that very evening, at *veſpers*, by admitting me to the gate, when ſhe ſhould appear at prayers.

I MOST gladly accepted the kindneſs of his offer, and attended the ſervice. She appeared—I ſaw her—all doubt was then loſt in certainty; I gazed upon her, *with love, with joy, and admiration,*

"Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwam before my ſight."

HER eyes were turned up to heaven, mine followed them there, ſupplicating for a concurrence with

my fond, and virtuous purpoſe. I remained immoveable, till the office was over.

I CANNOT go on. The poſt-horn calls for my letter.—My dear Sutton,

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Dear MEDWAY,

I SEND you the encloſed, with great pleaſure, and wiſh you joy of the ſituation of our friend Harſtonge's affair. His fate is brought to a criſis, at leaſt, *concurritur*.—And let us join his prayer, for the *victoria læta*.

MADAM Hygea * has returned to us again, but ſhe knows her conſequence, too well, and is too high a lady to make her firſt viſits long. Mrs. Sutton has ſome intervals of health, at preſent, but they are too ſhort to venture her out of an invalid regimen yet.

DID I mention to you, ſome time ago, our deſign of going to Aix la Chapelle, as ſoon as Mr. Brumpton ſhould arrive there? what was, then but a mere motion of good-nature, and benevolence, is now become a meaſure of love and duty. For the phyſicians here, have recommended thoſe waters, to Mrs. Sutton, and we purpoſe to ſet out for that place, in about a week, from this day.

WE are charmed with your late *perſonal* letters, though you hold us in ſuſpenſe, too long. This is Mrs. Sutton's expreſſion.—Women are generally impatient. I enjoy that fine enthuſiaſm, that ſets us *above ourſelves*. It is *a præmature angeliſm*. It is creating an heaven upon earth. When you admit

* Goddeſs of Health.

ſuch

ſuch rapture into the calmer ſenſations of friendſhip §, how much higher muſt the tranſports riſe, in love?

SOME Dutch philoſopher has framed this adage, that a lover ſhould be *amans, ſed non amens* †. It is a maxim, for a brute, tending to propagation, merely. Your *reaſonable* lovers, and *reaſonable* friends, are

"Like Promethus' man of clay,
"E'er he had felt the ſolar ray ‡."

They are the unfiniſhed works of nature, or the *manufacture of the ſchools.*

MRS. Sutton ſpeaks of you.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

AFTER ſupper, and that the attendants had all retired, *Miſs Harſtonge* turning her beautiful countenance toward me, made a polite apology for the freedom ſhe had prevailed upon her aunt to take in ſummoning me, at ſo ſhort a warning, and upon ſo unaccountable an errand, as this might poſſibly have appeared to be.

SHE told me, that ſhe had happened to ſee me, one evening, walking with her brother in St. James's Park, juſt before we had gone off to Aix la Chapelle

§ Sir Thomas's letter LXVII. the two laſt paragraphs, but two.

† Loſe his heart, but keep his ſenſes.

‡ Series of letters, between Henry and Frances.

together. That upon ſeeing me at the aſſembly that night, ſhe had been ſtruck with a ſort of doubtful recollection of my face and perſon, which had been much improved in an appearance of health, ſince that time; and that from more than ſimple curioſity, ſhe had inquired my name, from a gentleman ſhe had ſeen ſpeak to me, in the room, juſt before.

She concluded then, by telling me, that knowing I was in the kingdom, and finding me returned here, without Mr. Harſtonge, who had gone abroad with me, her emotions became ſo uneaſy to her, that ſhe could not reſt a moment, till ſhe had teized lady Walden home, and prevailed upon her to invite me to her apartments, in order to learn from me a particular account of her dear brother, for whom ſhe had ever felt the moſt tender and ſincere affection, and from whom ſhe had not heard, one line, for theſe ſeveral months paſt.

I soon made the fond and inquiſitive fair one eaſy, about Mr. Harſtonge's health, and perſon, though ſhe ſeemed to be rendered very unhappy, at the recital of his paſſion and difficulties, the latter being unſurmountable, in her opinion. The brilliant water filled her eyes.

——Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

In order to divert her attention from Mr. Harſtonge's diſtreſs, and to leſſen it by diviſion, I related to her the almoſt ſimilar circumſtances of Mr. Brumpton's ſituation. "I pity moſt ſincerely, ſaid ſhe, the "two unhappy ladies, in theſe caſes; for if two "ſuch ſtrong and ſtout perſons, as your friend, and "my brother, are ſubdued by love, what Amazons "muſt women be ſuppoſed to be, who are expected "to be capable of reſiſting ſo powerful an adverſary."

At theſe words, ſhe bluſhed.—I never ſaw a bluſh, before. It gave an additional brightneſs to her complexion, like the ſun's reflection on the tints of Titian. In other women, this expreſſion of ſenſibility, is but the

the *flush* of bashfulness; but in her it was the very *feature of modesty*. Blushing, said Diogenes, is the *complexion of virtue*. Melissa, a great female philosopher, said, that red, of that shade which shame produces, is the chief ornament of a woman's countenance. And Pythias, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked, in a course of philosophy, what was the most beautiful colour? That, she replied, which modesty raises in virtuous persons.

I AM exhausting all my reading, upon this subject, in order to retain the lovely object of it before my eyes, as long as possible.

I OBTAINED permission to wait on her, the next morning, bowed, and retired.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Orleans.

I REMAINED at the grate, till the priest came down to me. You have now had an opportunity of judging for yourself, said he, and I hope you are, at length, convinced about the matter.—I am, I am, I cried out, in a transport.—I have no longer the least doubt left of her being my lovely fugitive—O! lead me to her, instantly, before she takes her cruel vow, or that I am borne away to Bedlam!

RESTRAIN your emotions, son, replied the father. —There appears to be an inexplicable mystery in this business, but I will concur in every thing, to clear it up for you, in the power of humanity, which may not be inconsistent with the principles of our most holy religion. Therefore, continued he, give me

leave firſt to aſk you, whether you are a *true catholick*, or no? I am, I am, I reſponded, with impatience, if the moſt perfect *faith*, *hope*, *and charity*, can entitle a ſinner to ſo glorious an appellation.

ENOUGH, enough, replied the good old man, our church requires no more. Retire, now, to your own apartments, and leave the reſt to heaven, and to me. The day is too far ſpent, to procure an interview between ye, at preſent. To-morrow I ſhall call upon you, until then, farewel. We parted. So far had paſſed, when the poſt-horn ſummoned me to cloſe my laſt letter.

THE good-natured prieſt kept his word moſt punctually with me. He came to me the next morning, and told me that he had pleaded for me, before the lady, with all the rhetoric of the ſchools, in vain. But that after having urged the authority of his profeſſion, further ſtrengthened by a declaration, that he would effectually oppoſe her being admitted to take the *vow*, while ſhe appeared to remain under the imputation of a falſe name, and a feigned ſtory, ſhe had been, at length, induced to admit a fruitleſs interview with me, as ſhe pronounced it, which he was then ready to introduce me to.

I EMBRACED him. I flew before him, and waited at the gate, until he arrived. We entered the hall together, and he led me up, immediately, into the fair devotee's apartment She was there, ready to receive us; and riſing from her ſeat, as we entered the room, and advancing a few ſteps towards me, with a compoſed, but melancholic air, "I have been "preſſed into this compliance, Sir, ſaid ſhe, at the "obſtinacy of your ſolicitation, which muſt certainly "appear very extraordinary to me, after the anſwer I "returned yeſterday, to your unaccountable letter. "However, continued ſhe, as I feel a tenderneſs for "your misfortune, and am concerned, alſo, for the "ſenſes, which it ſeems, at preſent, to have depriv-"ed you of, reſolve me, I beſeech you, before this "reverend father, here, whom you have taken, or "rather miſtaken, me for all this while?"

"UNGENEROUS

"UNGENEROUS and unkind arbiter of my deſtiny, "I replied, and throwing myſelf at her feet, is it not "enough, that the ſevere difficulties of circumſtan- "ces, ſhould oppoſe themſelves to my happineſs, but "muſt I alſo ſuſtain, not only the cruelty, but the "contempt, of the too amiable marchioneſs *D'Etoile?* "Oh! uſe a weapon far leſs keen, ſaid I, preſenting "her my ſword, and let your hand, inſtead of ſpeech, "convey my death. Or let my own deſpair"——

I WAS ſuddenly interrupted, here, by a loud ſhriek; her face, on the inſtant, grew deadly pale, her whole frame trembled, ſhe ſunk upon the floor, and I received her in my arms, juſt as ſhe expreſſed theſe words. *Alas! my dear, unhappy ſiſter!* and fainted.

MY aſtoniſhment exceeded the bounds that real fact could extend it to. It appeared enchantment, or a viſion. I raiſed her up, and ſeated her on a couch, while the prieſt brought her ſuch relief, as ſoon reſtored her breath and pulſe again, which eaſed her oppreſſion, by a flood of tears. I ſtood before her, fixed as a ſtatue, with my ſenſes amazed away, until ſhe had recovered herſelf enough to addreſs me thus.

"THE myſtery of this affair, is now over, ſaid ſhe, "which the ſtrong likeneſs, between my ſiſter and "me, with the parallel circumſtances, of our weeds, "and the ſecreting ourſelves from the world, had oc- "caſioned. I did not know, until this inſtant, that "the marchioneſs had been a widow, nor that the "unhappineſs and difficulties of the ſituations, deſ- "cribed in your letter, had related to her, until I "heard you, juſt now, pronounce her name.

"FAREWELL, Sir, continued ſhe, for both decen- "cy, and the emotions of my mind, which this diſ- "covery have occaſioned, at preſent, oblige me to "bid you adieu. I own I pity you extremely, and "am ſorry, therefore, that I muſt now earn the cen- "ſure of unkindneſs, you have juſt paſſed upon me, "by declaring that I foreſee no room for you to hope "a redemption from your preſent misfortune, as the

" particulars have been ſtated, in the letter that your " error led you lately to addreſs to me."

I BOWED, kneeled, took her hand, bathed it with my tears, not unmixed with hers, and returned home, ſupported by the good old man, who had afforded me his friendly aſſiſtance, toward the ſolution of this extraordinary enigma.

Adieu. Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER LXXXV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

THE awaking from poor Harſtonge's viſion, has given me great diſappointment, and concern. I begin to feel infinitely more for the misfortunes of lovers, ever ſince I have happened to be initiated into the myſteries of their order myſelf.

" But ſhould a neighbour feel a pain.
" Juſt in the part where I complain, *&c.*"

Fronto, one of the preceptors of the good *Marcus Aurelius*, ſaid very juſtly, that " Princes, or perſons " nobly born, however they might happen to be en- " dued with generoſity, fortitude, magnanimity, or " other heroic virtues, were apt, generally, to be leſs " ſuſceptible of the ſofter, and more natural affecti- " ons, than other men." The reaſon of which muſt be, that feeling, from their rank, or fortune, a greater independency of mankind, they may be, therefore, leſs apt to be inſpired with that mutual tenderneſs, and humanity, which other men owe, and, in their own defence, are obliged to pay, to one another.

THE

THE moment I read Mr. Harſtonge's laſt letter, I immediately recurred to the marchioneſs's memoir, that ſhe had left for him, upon her *flight*, which he looks upon, to be ſure, as an *Hegira*, as being the great *epocha* of his life.—I find here, that ſhe does mention a ſiſter, one younger than herſelf; but has not afforded us any particulars, of her ſtory; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, there happened not to have been any connection, between that and her own, which might have rendered the relation of it neceſſary.

So much for other people's concerns.—Give me leave, now, to return to my own.

THE next morning, I paid my devoir to Miſs Harſtonge, and ſhewed her all the letters you had communicated to me, from her brother, on the ſubject of his paſſion, and purſuit.—She read them with attention, not without tears, and then expreſſed herſelf with equal tenderneſs and delicacy.

"MY mind, ſaid ſhe, ſuſtains a ſevere conflict "upon this occaſion.—It is natural to wiſh a friend "ſucceſs, in ſo honourable a ſuit.——It is the com-"mon cauſe of love and virtue. And yet, added "ſhe, for the honour of my ſex, I muſt not hope "he may prevail, as this is alike the cauſe of religion, "and virtue."

I DARED not combat her ſentiments, nor ſhould I chooſe to unſettle ſuch juſt principles, in a perſon whoſe character and conduct I had conceived myſelf ſo ſtrongly intereſted in. So that I paſſed the remainder of the ſhort interval, in which he indulged me the pleaſure of her converſe, in joining with her to lament the difficulties of the circumſtances, and the unhappineſs of her dear brother's ſituation.

SHE then intreated me to communicate every advice I ſhould receive, upon this ſubject; and has permitted me the pleaſure of viſiting her, conſtantly, *as Mr. Harſtonge's friend*, while I choſe to remain at Windſor.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix la Chapelle.

MRS. Sutton and I arrived here, about a week ago. I waited on Mr. Brumpton next morning, through the introduction of your name, and he received me as your friend, that is, as his own.

HE introduced me to Sir George Marriot, and I had the pleaſure of entertaining them both extremely, by reading your letters to them, upon the ſubject of your amour, and which they told me you had not given them the leaſt hint of, yourſelf.

MR. Brumpton, particularly, ſeemed to rejoice much, at the account of your ſituation, and with a ſigh, cried out, heaven grant my friend the happineſs that I may miſs! I ſhall not be wholly wretched, then.

SIR George, too, was ſo much charmed with your deſcription of Miſs Harſtonge, and the ſenſations with which her beauties affected you, that he declares he will *fall in love* directly, the very firſt opportunity that offers.

MRS. Sutton is almoſt perfectly recovered, in her health, and even theſe few days drinking the waters, with the exerciſe of her journey, ſeem apparently to have recruited her ſpirits. Your friends and we have ſpent ſome evenings together; and I am in hopes, that our ſociety may be of ſervice to Mr. Brumpton. The politeneſs and gallantry, which men of good breeding are led to exert toward women of character, ſerve to wean them, inſenſibly, from their own attentions, and often help to relieve the weight of preſſing ills.

THE

THE freedom, eaſe, and affability, which generally reign in ſuch places as this, and the readineſs with which invalids naturally confer together, have afforded Mrs. Sutton an opportunity, of becoming acquainted with Miſs Dixon already. The pretence contrived to enter into converſation with her, was to make ſome inquiries about England, as ſhe had been ſeveral years out of it, and might be ſuppoſed to have left many friends behind her there.

MISS DIXON replied to all her queſtions, with great politeneſs, and intelligence. She appears to be a young woman of moſt excellent underſtanding, with great tenderneſs of nature, and gentleneſs of manners. Misfortunes become her ill; ſhe does not ſeem to have been made for them. She is not maſculine enough.

SHE and her aunt are to ſpend to-morrow evening with us, here. Our managers will not ſuffer Mr. Brumpton yet to enter upon the ſcene of our theatre, where, whether we are likely to repreſent a tragedy, or a comedy, depends, like ſomebody's play, upon pronouncing either of two words; for Miſs Dixon's *ay* or *no*, will be equal to his *ifs* and *ands*, his *cliffs* and *ſands* *.

SIR GEORGE is to call in, to pay us a viſit, to-morrow evening, *by chance*, as an acquaintance we had accidentally picked up, on our route hither. Mr. Brumpton's name not to be mentioned, on this firſt meeting.

Adieu.

C. S.

* "And, without more *iffs and ands*,
"He leaped from off the *cliffs*, upon the *ſands*.
TRAGEDY.
"And, without more *ands and iffs*,
"He leaped from off the *ſands*, upon the *cliffs*."
COMEDY.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Limoges.

THE good old man continued with me the remainder of that day; and in order to amuſe me, and divert my attention, for a time, from my own diſtreſs, entered into a circumſtantial detail of the fair devotee's ſtory, which ſhe had communicated to him, by way of confeſſion, ſoon after ſhe had fixed her reſidence at the convent.

I PREVAILED on his good nature to take the trouble of reducing the whole of the memoir to writing, which I requeſted from him, in order to ſend to you, for the peruſal, and the pity, of our friends. The firſt part of her narrative, agrees in every article with that of the marchioneſs; therefore I ſaved him the trouble of thoſe paragraphs, in the encloſed manuſcript.

The Memoir of Madame DE CHAUVELIN.

SOON after my dear ſiſter was married, ſaid ſhe, the marſhal De Chauvelin, who had ſeen me often at the marquis D'Etoile's, offered me his hand, which I made no difficulty of accepting. He was a young, handſome man, of a good family, rank, and fortune, and well accompliſhed in wit and breeding.

WE retired immediately to his ſeat, near Verſailles, as his poſt required his reſidence nigh the court. I brought mademoiſelle De Renier, daughter to my good friend and patroneſs, already mentioned, home with me; the marſhal invited colonel Merenville, who was his relation, at the ſame time.

WE all lived in perfect harmony together at the Chauteau de Chauvelin, for near two years, until I began to perceive a certain coldneſs in the marſhal's manner toward me, and, at the ſame time, a ſtrong marked

marked attention, in his behaviour toward mademoiſelle de Renier.

THE common outward preferences of gallantry and politeneſs did not, at firſt, alarm me; as ſuch a behaviour is common with men of good breeding; but when I found them exceeding to real kindneſſes, on one ſide, and to manifeſt ſlights, on the other, I then began to feel myſelf unhappy.

I WAS not conſcious of having ever ſaid, or done, any thing to forfeit his affection, or provoke diſguſt; nor could I, indeed, perceive any circumſtance, in the fair De Renier's manners or behaviour either, which might have tempted him to have conceived the leaſt profligate thought of her.

I WAS at a loſs, therefore, to know how to deport myſelf toward either of them. I had nothing to reform in my conduct, nor any thing to reprove in hers. So that after forming many irreſolves, I at laſt thought it moſt prudent to acquieſce in my misfortune, and ſubmit the diſpoſal of my deſtiny to Providence; as none, but mild methods, ever reclaimed a libertine huſband yet. I appeared then, to take no notice of the matter to either of them, but wept and prayed in private.

AT length, mademoiſelle De Renier came to me, one morning, to take her leave, ſaying, that ſhe had been ſummoned away, by her mother, more ſuddenly than ſhe had expected. She let fall tears, and ſeemed to have been more moved and affected, at parting from me then, than ſhe had ever appeared to be, at any time before, when ſhe uſed often to return home for ſhort intervals.

I PRESSED to know what was the cauſe of ſo extraordinary an emotion, on this particular occaſion: adding, that I knew of no letter or expreſs lately arrived, to preſs her departure, at ſo ſhort a warning. I ſpoke to her on this ſubject, with ſo much tenderneſs and ſuſpicion, that it threw her off her guard, and ſhe candidly owned to me, without farther heſitation, that the marſhal's particular addreſs toward her for ſome time before, had firſt alarmed her, but

that

that his late avowals of paſſion, and importunate ſolicitations, had rendered her flight abſolutely neceſſary at preſent, to ſave me from his infidelity, and ſecure herſelf from his violence. We embraced, and wept together.

As ſoon as I could recollect my ſenſes, and recover my ſpeech, again, "my dear De Renier, ſaid I, "do not fly and leave me in ſuch a doubtful and forlorn ſituation. Your abſence will but change "the object, not reſtore his love. Whilſt profligacy "holds its tyranny in his breaſt, he will but wander "ſtill from fair to fair, without returning home. "Nay even variety alone is able to create the "charms of beauty to a roving mind. Some marked "occaſion only can reclaim him; and an unforeſeen "detection of his weakneſs, by rouſing ſhame, that "advanced centinel of virtue, may, perchance, "awaken the dormant, I hope not yet dead, princi"ples in his ſoul."

Then taking her by the hand, and throwing myſelf at her feet, I entreated her to remain with me a few days longer, in order to aid my experiment; to ſubmit to liſten, once more, to the addreſſes of the marſhal, and, after ſome ſcruples, by way of obviating his ſuſpicion, conſent to give him an appointment; to which I would myſelf repair.—Not to upbraid his vice, nor rail at his infidelity——but by his ſilence, ſubmiſſion, and tears, endeavour to reclaim him to a ſenſe of honour, again *.

My ſupplication, and her friendſhip for me, at length obtained my ſuit—ſhe heartily wiſhed me ſucceſs in the innocent ſtratagem, and it was not long before ſhe was afforded an opportunity of putting it into practice. The marſhal renewed his ſolicitations to her that very evening, and the night after, an aſſignation was agreed upon in De Renier's apartment,

* Return his injuſtice with mildneſs of reproof, that his guilt may not have to reproach thee with bitterneſs; ſo ſhall thy meekneſs ſting him deeper, than the ſharpeſt venom of the clamorous tongue.

Whole Duty of Woman.

as

as ſoon as it ſhould be dark; about which time he told her he would return privately from Verſailles, where he would be obliged to attend all that day, in waiting on the king, to whom he was one of the aides de camp.

I REPAIRED to the fatal rendezvous; irreſolution ſeized me; I dreaded the hazard of my experiment, and would have taken my flight, if I had not been prevented by hearing the chamber door opened, and then locked on the inſide—I heſitated too long.

WHEN I began to enter into an expoſtulation upon the occaſion, I was haſtily interrupted by colonel Merenville, who cried out, dear madam, we are both of us deceived, but for the ſake of prudence, let us guard the ſecret between us, in order to prevent the conſequence of that evil, which is now too late to remedy.

MY faculties were confounded for a while, at length I gave a loud ſhriek, at the inſtant of which, I heard my huſband's voice in the anti-chamber, calling out for lights: The door was immediately forced open, and I ſaw him enter the room, with his ſword drawn. My ſenſes forſook me, and I inſtantly ſwooned away.

WHEN I was unkindly brought back again to life, I perceived Merenville lying dead on the floor, and my huſband leaning in a chair, ſupported by his ſervants, and bleeding faſt. I grew frantic, ſnatched up a ſword, which was wreſted out of my hand, and De Renier, with the aſſiſtance of my women, forced me away to my own apartment.

EXPRESSES were diſpatched to Verſailles, and ſurgeons immediately attended; but their aid proved vain. Juſt before he expired, he ſent to deſire De Renier and me to come to him. He then gave us this account how the fatal error had come to paſs.

WHEN the uſual hours of attendance were over this evening, ſaid he, I was taking my leave of his majeſty, when he commanded me to remain in waiting until I ſhould receive his order of diſmiſs, as he ſaid

ſaid he had ſomething in my department, to confer with me upon, before I went home.

THE moment of appointment, ſaid he, drew near, but the commands of abſolute monarchs, are not to be diſpenſed with.—The fate of folly and of vice, impelled me to ſend an apology, to mademoiſelle de Renier, for the diſappointment. I retired for an inſtant, into the pages room, and wrote a ſhort billet, and ſent it off by Merenville who ſtaid for me, telling him where he would find her alone, waiting anxiouſly, as I pretended, for his majeſty's anſwer, to a requeſt I had promiſed her that day, privately, to make him in her favour; and that, therefore, my wife was not to know any thing of the matter, until it might be obtained.

I THEN returned into the preſence, and his majeſty acquainted me that he would diſpenſe with my farther attendance at preſent, as ſome other buſineſs of more conſequence had ſince intervened, which would oblige him to defer the conference with me, until to-morrow, and ſo diſmiſſed me.

I FLEW into my chariot, ſaid he, and poſted hither directly, not without a good deal of anxiety; as I had recollected from Merenville's look and manner, on his retiring with the meſſage, that he ſeemed to have betrayed ſome ſuſpicion about the matter.

THE moment I alighted, I ſtole immediately up ſtairs to this apartment, and liſtening at the door, ſoon heard enough to convince me of his artifice and diſhonour; though, until the candles were brought, I did not know that my wife had been the victim of it.

I NOW entreat your pardon, madam, ſaid he, turning to De Renier, for the diſhoneſty of my deſigns againſt you; I moſt heartily pity your misfortune, added he, addreſſing his dying looks toward me, and moſt earneſtly pray forgiveneſs, both from heaven, and you.

HE expired in my arms, ſaid ſhe, and cruelly left me behind. It was ſome time doubtful, which of us was the ſurvivor, till by the care of the weeping De Renier,

Renier, and the ſurgeon's lance, I was dragged back to life and wretchedneſs again.

I WAS ſeized with a fever that night, and grew delirious before morning, which was unhappy for me, becauſe it left the phyſicians at liberty to apply thoſe remedies, with effect, which the moment my reflection and notices returned to me, I ſtrenuouſly oppoſed.

I WOULD die!—What a life was left me! The tragedy was become a public tale; but the circumſtances of it doubtful. The conſciouſneſs of my own innocence, I could not convey into other people's boſoms.—Slander and candour took different ſides; the firſt prevailed, and my once fair name became ſoon a note for rumour to hiſs at.

NAY, even in my own breaſt too, I felt as if guilty. I was myſelf the cauſe of this ſad cataſtrophe. My folly, my preſumption, had unſheathed the ſword, and the ill execution of my project ſpilled the blood. Nothing, then, but the ſuperior awe of religion, prevented me from mingling mine in the ſame crimſon pool. That great monitor hinted to me, that to ſuſtain life, under ſuch a load, were to perform a penance, which might, perhaps, atone for what my death could never expiate.

As religion, then, has reſcued my diſtraction from a further crime, by thus preſerving my life, I think it but a grateful piety in me, to dedicate the wretched remainder of it to that ſacred ſhrine. Accordingly, as ſoon as I was able to come abroad, I carried my dear diſconſolate De Renier home to her mother, ſhared a parting embrace for life between them, and am now come hither, to ſpend the reſt of that portion of mortality, which heaven has yet allotted me, in charity, meditation, penitence, and prayer. Amen!

LET-

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

I REJOICE, extremely, at the ſociety you have ſo luckily formed, with our Engliſh friends, and am impatient for the happy iſſue of the event, which may be hoped for, from ſuch a connection.

I DID not, indeed, give the leaſt hint of my adventure, at this place, either to Mr. Brumpton or Sir George; for, with regard to one of them, I did not care to revive ſentiment; and in the latter, I did not imagine I could create it.

THE ſtory of the unhappy Chauvelin, has affected me much. The circumſtances of her memoir, would be *un chef d'œuvre*, for a theatrical repreſentation. It is, in every particular, ſuch a conſtruction of fable, as lord *Kaims*, in his *Elements of Criticiſm*, recommends, for the plot of a perfect tragedy.

"THE happieſt of all ſubjects, for this purpoſe, "if ſuch a one could be invented, ſays he, would "be, where a perſon of integrity happens to fall "into ſome great misfortune, by doing an action, "innocent in itſelf, but which, by ſome ſingular "means, they ſhould afterwards conceive to be "criminal. Their remorſe aggravates their diſtreſs; "and our compaſſion, being unreſtrained by indigna-"tion, riſes to its higheſt pitch. Pity becomes, thus, "to be the ruling paſſion of a pathetic tragedy; and "by proper repreſentation, may be raiſed to an "height, ſcarce exceeded by any thing in real life."

I HAVE communicated the manuſcript, to Miſs Harſtonge. She read, and wept.

"So

" So properly the objects of affliction,
" That heaven is pleaſed to make diſtreſs become
" them,
" And dreſſes them moſt amiably in tears."

My heart akes.—I ſhould wiſh there were no women in the world,—but that I muſt firſt wiſh, that there were no men.

THIS memoir, with the context of the Marchioneſs's ſtory, have created in my lovely object a kind of ſuperſtition, which has rendered her more unhappy than before, on account of Mr. Harſtonge's connection with that ill-fated family. She wiſhed —but what to wiſh ſhe knew not; for ſhe had expreſſed her doubtful ſentiments, upon that ſubject, before *.

I PASS my time here moſt charmingly, in the company of Miſs Harſtonge; and agreeably enough too in the ſociety of the reſt of the family. Lady Walden is a woman of good natural ſenſe; but has a certain frankneſs in her manners, and a freedom in her ſpeech, which the world are too apt to impute to want of breeding. For her likings, and diſguſts, though always well founded, are generally too apparent. I am afraid that the preſent idea of the *bon ton*, is more refined than improved.

SIR James is a perſon of perfect knowledge in public affairs, and appears alſo to be a man of honour and ſpirit; but as he is poſitive in argument, and tenacious of opinions, one cannot be certain whether his character ariſes from obſtinacy, or principle.

THEY poſſeſs a large fortune in the funds, have no children, and ſeem to have adopted their fair ward, as their heir. This circumſtance embarraſſes me greatly, as it has, hitherto, retarded the advances, that my fond attachment is ſo ſtrongly inclined to make, toward Miſs Harſtonge. I think her beauty

* Letter LXXXV. laſt paragraph but too.

and

and merit, alone, above my pretenſions, and it is more than probable, that they may think her fortune to be ſo too.

I HAVE, therefore, not yet ventured to give the leaſt hint of my wiſhes to any of the family; nor ſhall I attempt it, till I have firſt engaged Mr. Harſtonge's concurrence. And yet, I know not where to direct to, nor even to him, at preſent. I muſt await the fixing of his fate, before my own deſtiny can be brought into iſſue.

PITY me, my dear Sutton, and Brumpton, who am condemned to endure an eternity of torment, before-hand, for the chance only of enjoying but a moment of bliſs, hereafter.—For ſuch a portion I ſhould deem whole ages of poſſeſſion, with her, to be.

Farewel.

T. M.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Cahors.

AFTER the prieſt had finiſhed his relation, and that we had both concurred in lamenting the ſad cataſtrophe of the unfortunate madam de Chauvelin's ſtory, I entreated the continuance of his friendſhip toward me, in making an application to her, to inform me through what medium of intelligence it might be poſſible to find out the marchioneſs; either by acquainting me where the eſtates of the late marquis, out of which her reſources muſt ariſe, were ſituated; or where to reſort to mademoiſelle

ſelle de Renier, with whom it was more than probable the marchioneſs muſt have communicated, before this, either by letter or by viſit, in order to inquire after her ſiſter, and her kind patroneſs. He promiſed me to do ſo, and hope gleamed, once more, upon the gloom of my fortunes.

THE good old man did, accordingly, apply to the lovely Chauvelin, in favour of my requeſt, and urged it with all that warmth of benevolence, that is natural to him; but found it impoſſible to prevail. ——She replied, that as ſhe could not perceive a poſſibility of any virtuous accommodation, between her ſiſter and me, ſhe thought it would be cruel to ſubject her to the importunities of a lover, to a conflict between paſſion and duty, or to the ſophiſms of caſuiſtry, which I ſeemed to have ſo artfully exerted in my letter, to anſwer no end, but what, ſhe believed and hoped, both for the conſcience and honour of her ſiſter, I might never be able to obtain.

I HAVE already, concluded ſhe, bidden a farewel to all worldly concerns; I am juſt going to enter into the profeſſion of an holy life; and it would ſurely be a moſt impious action in me, to tempt another to break a vow, at the very inſtant that I am myſelf about to take one.

I THANKED and embraced the friendly prieſt, and quitted Orleans, diſconſolate, the next day. I paſſed through Nantz and Limoges, after the ſame fruitleſs inquiries as I have hitherto been able to make, nor have I met with better ſucceſs in this place. I ſhall ſet forward to-morrow, and continue my route as far as *Lyons*, which, poſſibly, may be the *ne plus ultra* of my vain purſuit. My mind is exhauſted, my ſpirits broken, and my ſtrength impaired.

IF fate ſtill cruelly continues to bar one door againſt me, it has kindly left another open. Diſtruſt me not——I neither mean ſuicide, nor what appears to me yet more improbable, inconſtancy.——

But

But there is, at preſent, a war on the Continent, in which I am reſolved to engage, as a volunteer, next ſpring. This may afford me an opportunity, perhaps, of turning a private evil to a public good; and of receiving that death, which I ſhall then wiſh for, from the hand of an enemy, that my deſpair might poſſibly tempt me to procure from my own.

You ſhall hear from me, while I live!

Adieu.

E. H.

P. S. Write to me at *Lyons*, for I ſhall remain there, till I hear of, or from all my friends. On my return to Germany, I ſhall ſpend the reſt of the winter with you, till the opening of the campaign.

LETTER XC.

Mr. Sutton, *To Sir* Thomas Medway.

Aix

Miss Dixon and her aunt came to us, accord ing to appointment. Our converſation wa grave, and general, except when the old mai would interrupt it, ſometimes, by hinting at he niece's fortune, her eſtate, her houſe, her parks, he demeſne, &c. though there happened to be n bachelor, in company, that ſuch things could poſſibl recommend her to.

Thu

THIS ſeemed to diſtreſs the modeſt and gentle Dixon extremely. What a difference of nature is frequently to be obſerved, between perſons of the ſame family! This cannot be owing to accident; and why Providence ſhould order it ſo, by deſign, I ſhall leave to idle philoſophy to account for; as I have long ſince laid aſide all inveſtigations, which cannot ſerve to make me *wiſer*, by rendering me *better*.

UPON Sir George Marriot's entering the room, Miſs Dixon appeared to be diſturbed, and alarmed; while the aunt expreſſed the higheſt tranſport imaginable, at meeting with an old friend and neighbour, in *foreign parts*; which was the phraſe, ſhe made uſe of.

SIR George ſeemed glad, but not ſurprized, at ſeeing Miſs Dixon in this place; as he told her he had been informed before, by her aunt, that ſhe was coming upon this tour; and therefore, ſaid he, having undertaken an excurſion of pleaſure, on pretence of *ſeeing the world*, I could not think of paſſing ſo near this place, without deviating a little to pay my compliments to you.

SHE bowed, bluſhed, and thanked him. I will bluſh her againſt Miſs Harſtonge for a thouſand guineas—Sir George ſpoke of himſelf, as quite diſengaged from any connexion in his travels; but the aunt, whoſe ſole idea of *converſation*, ſeems to be *prate*, aſked him ſome queſtions about Mr. Brumpton, which threw all of us, except herſelf, into an aukward kind of difficulty and confuſion.

To this Sir George made no reply, but expreſſing an heavy ſigh, immediately ſhifted the ſubject to general topics; which Mrs. Sutton and I very readily concurred in; while Miſs Dixon continued thoughtful, and diſtreſſed, with her eyes fixed upon the floor.

FROM

FROM the indelicacy and impertinence of the old woman, the reſt of the evening fell heavy enough upon our hands. Miſs Dixon became melancholic, and reſerved; my wife and I grew formal, and ſerious; Sir George attempted ſome flaſhes of merriment, which fell to the ground; and we parted early.

Adieu.

C. S.

LET-

LETTER XCI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

My dear friends, SUTTON, BRUMPTON, and MEDWAY,

Toulouſe.

THIS ſort of *ſingle handed* correſpondence, I hold with you all, for I write to all three, under one cover, is very unſatisfactory.———Your letters would have been a great relief to me, during my pilgrimage; but the uncertainty of my route, put it unhappily out of my power, to provide amuſement for my many ſolitary ſtages. We have nothing left us, in this life, but to lament what we cannot redreſs.

SINCE I came to this city I have had the curioſity to inquire more particularly, on the ſpot, into the circumſtances of a ſtory, that has made a noiſe lately all over Europe. One Calas, a native of this place, and an Hugonot, was arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed, for having put a ſon of his to death, on account of his becoming a Roman Catholic. The fulleſt proofs for conviction appeared againſt him, and the moſt deliberate ſentence was paſſed, by the majority of his judges.

THE reſt of Calas's family, being deemed accomplices in the murder, fled to Geneva, to avoid proſecution. Here Voltaire happened to become acquainted with their ſtory, examined into the matter, and conceived ſufficient reaſons to believe not only them, but the executed perſon alſo, to have been perfectly innocent of the crime *againſt God*, though criminal with *prieſts*, as Hugonots *againſt religion*.

A WARM and virtuous ſpirit againſt the helliſh fiend of perſecution, rouſed him to undertake their defence.—He wrote, and publiſhed a very ſtrong and ingenious paper, in their juſtification, which ſoon produced its deſigned effect. The world that had before condemned, now abſolved them; and

ſuch a current of charity flowed in upon them from all quarters, that they were ſoon reſtored to an higher pitch of affluence, than their late misfortunes had before deprived them of.

THE public report of this affair happened, ſoon after, to call upon the attention of monſieur de Beaumont, a man of virtue, and of eminence in the law. He generouſly engaged in their cauſe in a judicial way, and inſtituted a ſuit at his own expence, againſt the parliament of Toulouſe, who had condemned Calas to death. They were convicted *upon reaſoning*, and their decree of outlawry, and confiſcation, againſt the reſt of his family, has been reverſed.

THUS ſtand the merits of this ſtory, at preſent, in the opinion of all the unprejudiced world; firſt, upon *ſufficient grounds*, that Calas was guilty; next upon *more ſufficient ones*, that he was innocent.—— Now, after this it may perhaps ſurpriſe you to hear, that I am this moment as well convinced of his crime, as I ever was of any atteſted fact in my life. And this upon ſuch proofs and reaſoning, as I think will ſatisfy you alſo; which have been communicated to me by an Engliſh gentleman, who is a thorough proteſtant, and has reſided in this city for many years.

THE proof *poſitive*, in the firſt place, reſts as it did upon his conviction; ſo that all we have to do, is to invalidate the proof *argumentative*, that has been ſince urged in his defence. It ran thus. That it was unnatural to ſuppoſe a father capable of deſtroying his child. That ſuch an inſtance muſt ariſe, either from ſome ſtrong temptation, ſudden paſſion, or high provocation. That old Calas was a man of mild temper, good character, and exemplary devotion; and the deceaſed's ſon a ſober, well diſpoſed, and dutiful child, except in the article of his converſion. That the cauſe of this ſuppoſed *filicide*, could not have proceeded from religion; becauſe that perſecution, *for God's ſake*, is only a popiſh tenet, and not a principle of the reformed faith.

faith. And laſtly, that old Calas denied his guilt to his laſt breath, even upon the ſcaffold, when he knew that no equivocation could redeem his forfeit life.

All this reaſoning appears to be extremely plauſible; but the gentleman whom I mentioned to you before, aſſures me, that thoſe who would pretend to judge of *an Hugonot of France*, by comparing him with *a Proteſtant of England*, would be as much miſtaken, with regard to their *church morals*, as he would be, in ſuppoſing thoſe of a *Lutheran* and a *Jeſuit* to be the ſame.

The ſectaries here, ſaid he, being bred up in the ſpirit of perſecution, are ſuſceptible of a more acrimonious reſentment againſt it, than thoſe can be ſuppoſed to be ſenſible of, who are happily more remote from its effects. And whenever they can retaliate clandeſtinely, thoſe evils which they themſelves ſuſtain openly, *an arm for an arm, and an eye for eye*, become their text.

They would ſtick at no violence, or crime *per fas, atque nefas*, to ſtrengthen themſelves againſt the common enemy; and one way of doing ſo, is by undermining the ſtrength, and leſſening the number, of their antagoniſts. And ſhould an Hugonot monarch ever happen to aſcend the throne of France, I dare pronounce, added he, that the memorable manœuvre of St. Bartholomew's day, would not long remain unrivalled, on the *records of hell*.

Nor indeed is this opinion of my friend's ill ſupported, by an authentic fact, related in the annals of this kingdom; that in the year 1566, the Hugonots of this very province maſſacred all the Catholics in it, without reſpecting ſex, age, or infancy.

It is remarkable enough to deſerve to be noted here, that the ſpirit of perſecution has ever reigned in this particular ſpot, more than in any other place in Chriſtendom; for the inquiſition firſt took its riſe in this city, from a ſtrange ceremony that Charlemaigne had inſtituted at Eaſter; which conſiſted in

a Chriſtian's giving a box on the ear, to a Jew, annually, on that feſtival.

BUT to return. With regard to the laſt point of the argument, above ſtated, of Calas's denying the crime imputed to him, in his laſt moments; he really did ſo, ſaid my friend, for I was ſtanding at a window, juſt oppoſite to the ſcaffold, and diſtinctly heard him. But then it was *the crime* only, and not *the fact*, that he exculpated himſelf from. The ſole anſwer, that could be got from him, upon being ſeveral times interrogated, on this article, both there, and before in priſon, was, " I take God to " witneſs, that I have not been guilty of *the crime*, " of putting my ſon to death." Thinking, poſſibly, in the ſpirit of the inquiſition, that, in ſuch an act, *he had rendered God good ſervice*.

THERE is another particular, too, which ſerves to corroborate this ſide of the queſtion; which is, that another ſon of old Calas, who had alſo turned Roman Catholic, fled away from Toulouſe, to Paris, ſome time before his brother had been murdered; and gave it publickly, for the reaſon of his flight, that he feared for his life, had he ſtaid at home.

I AM juſt ſetting forward, to Montpelier.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

IN your laſt letter, you have made a liberal preſent, to the Euripides's and Sophocles's of the age, of an excellent hint, for the compoſition of a tragedy; and that they ſhould not be at a loſs, for an apt title for the play, I would have it ſtiled, *The Virtuous Adultery*. The paradox of the expreſſion, alone, would ſerve to captivate; for titles of books, as

as well as of men, are frequently found to ſupply the place of merit in both.

The particular in madame de Chauvelin's recital, that made a ſtronger, becauſe a tenderer, impreſſion on my mind, even than the ſhocking cataſtrophe, was, where ſhe ſpeaks with ſuch feeling, with regard to her fame. And ſhe had ſufficient cauſe for her fears. The world is too apt to accept a doubtful ſtory in the worſt ſenſe. What can be the reaſon that the moſt improbable tale, affecting a perſon's character, ſuch as cowardice in a brave man, frailty in a chaſte woman, &c. ſhall generally obtain belief?

One cauſe of it, indeed, may be, that people being conſcious of ſome weakneſs or imperfection in their own natures, are apt, moſt greedily, to ſwallow any anecdote of others, which, by betraying their fallibility, may bring them down nearer to a level with themſelves. And that this is a general vice in human nature, may ſufficiently be evinced from this obſervation; that the like improbable ſtories, told to the advantage of any one, are never received upon ſuch eaſy terms.

But there is, I ſhould hope, a more generous reaſon to be given for this credulity; which, however, I do not know how to expreſs without a paradox:——For this readineſs of *belief*, may be entirely owing, to its *incredibility*. Becauſe it may not be imagined that any one would invent an improbable tale, or, unprovoked, ſhould charge another with a ſcandalous action, without the cleareſt evidence, and fulleſt conviction of the fact.

Besides, it is not every one that will take the charitable pains of canvaſſing an article of impeachment, or of *comparing a piece with the whole*. And yet, it is by the *complexion* of our lives, that the *health* of our morals ſhould be aſcertained. Elſe it may be in the power of *envy*, *hatred*, *malice*, or *any other uncharitableneſs*, at any time, to make us *have lived in vain*. For is it not more reaſonable to ſup-

poſe, that a particular ſtory may be falſe, than that a general character ſhould lie?

POOR Harſtonge ſeems to have contrived a plauſible ſalvo for ſuicide, by turning the crime of his own voluntary deſtruction, into a virtue, by only altering the circumſtances of it. Salvos are dangerous tools, as you ſaid once. * However, there are ſome hopes in madneſs, when it begins to reaſon; and as he promiſes to pay me a viſit at Bruſſels, in his way to the camp, it may, perhaps, be in our power to divert the extravagance of his purpoſe.

YOUR amour appears to open with a lucky omen; for you had no ſooner expreſſed a difficulty, about knowing where to write to Mr Harſtonge, than he ſupplies you with an addreſs to find him.

We wiſh you joy.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER XCIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

I THANK you for the continuance of our friend Harſtonge's correſpondence. The ſtory he tells, about the *Calas* affair, is extraordinary and ſhews us how little is to be depended upon, in reports at a diſtance; and what fluctuating things are the opinions and reaſonings of mankind.

THIS ſtory has ſhifted its credibility, three ſeveral times; and all with equal, at leaſt ſeeming probability; and whether it may reſt now upon the laſt arguments, or no, depends on future ones that may remain yet to be urged, or other ſubtle imaginations of ſpeculative men

* Letter LXXIII, laſt paragraph but one.

I RE-

I REMEMBER a certain author, one *Morinus*, in his *Exercitationes Biblicæ*, quotes the firſt three words of *Geneſis*, from which he extracts five different ſenſes; and affirms that he could obtain fifty more, all equally plauſible. If the Scriptures, then, are not free from ambiguity, how can preciſion be expected in matters that are prophane?

MONSIEUR Dermont, the lively caricaturiſt, that you made me acquainted with at Bruſſels, and who is alſo one of the beſt *paralogiſts**, I ever met with, ſpeaking one day upon ſome ſuch doubtful ſubject as this, ſaid, "that the *cleareſt proof*, generally "ariſes, from *a total want of evidence*—For proof "*demonſtrative*, ſaid he, is ſtronger, than proof "*poſitive*; and as the more witneſſes there are pro-"duced to atteſt a fact, the greater contrariety of "teſtimony may ariſe, the fewer, therefore, the "better. Ergo, none at all is beſt of all." And ſo far I will add, in ſupport of Dermont's ſport of fancy, that circumſtances which *cannot lie*, ſhould preponderate more in evidence than witneſſes *who may*.

I AM impatient to hear the reſult of your friendly politics, with regard to the equally eſtimable and unhappy Brumpton and Dixon. I pity her, on account of the diſagreeable *imparity* of her aunt. But one meets frequently in the world, with many as ill paired couples, even in the cloſer connections of life.

I HAVE wrote to Mr. Harſtonge upon *the ſubject*. My anxiety is great about the event. However, I find the load ſomewhat leſſened, after having delivered myſelf of ſome part of the labour of my mind. I reſt now on the hope of the old maxim, *Haud ignara mali*, &c.

ADIEU, my dear friend, and recommend me to thoſe of that character at *Aix*, whom I have the pleaſure of being acquainted with.

Yours,

T. M.

* A paradoxical reaſoner.

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

SIR George has been to pay his compliments to Miſs Dixon, but carried Mrs. Sutton with him, becauſe it has not yet been determined in our *coterie* how Mr. Brumpton is, for the preſent, to be diſpoſed of; and, on a tête à tête, between Miſs Dixon and Sir George, it would have been natural for her, at leaſt, to aſk about his friend's health; or to expect that he ſhould mention ſomething of him himſelf.

THE ſituation of our affair remained in this condition till yeſterday morning, when Mr. Brumpton and I happened to ride out together, to take the air; and about three miles off, on our returning to town, we met Miſs Dixon on horſeback, attended only by her ſervants.

WE would have avoided an interview, at ſo ſhort a warning, if it had been in our power; but as the *rencontre* happened to be juſt on the turn of a road, it was impoſſible to get out of the way. Poor Brumpton's emotion was extreme. I thought he would not have been able to have kept his ſeat. I rode up to her with aſſurance, told her *it was a fine day, that the country was beautiful, that air and exerciſe were neceſſary to the health, both of mind and body*; with any other common-place ſtuff that occurred, in order to afford my diſtreſſed friend time to recompoſe himſelf a little.

HE neither advanced nor retired; continuing, ſome moments, irreſolute after what manner to addreſs her. It was no place nor ſituation for him to throw himſelf at her feet, nor yet could he bring himſelf to ſalute her, merely *en paſſant*, as an indifferent acquaintance. At length Miſs Dixon relieved us both out of our difficulty, in a very unexpected manner, by aſking me, in a low voice, who that ſtranger was?

I WAS

I WAS ſurpriſed to find by this queſtion, that ſhe did not know him. I ſuppoſe his late diſorder muſt have conſiderably altered him. I quickly replied, that he was an Engliſh gentleman I had lately become acquainted with at Bruſſels, and that he had travelled along with me hither, to drink the waters for a ſeaſon.

THEN turning about to him, Mr. Lenox, ſaid I, with a loud voice, are you cavalier enough to eſcort a fair lady on her tour of exerciſe this morning, and I'll attend you as your 'ſquire upon ſo gallant an occaſion. He readily took the hint, and replied, but with a faultering unaſſured voice, that he would wait upon the lady through every adventure of life, and that her beauty needed no herald to ſummon him to her ſervice.

WE then joined company, turned about, rode on two miles farther, and then came back to Aix together, without her having in the leaſt ſuſpected Mr. Lenox to Mr. Brumpton; though he, upon finding himſelf wrapped up in maſquerade, ſoon began to grow re-aſſured enough to mix freely in our converſation, and to lay hold of every fair occaſion, of ſaying very gallant and polite things to her during our ride.

ON our return, Sir George and Mrs. Sutton were rendered extremely happy, at the account of this adventure. Some favourable event may poſſibly be wrought out of this *incognity*, ſaid ſhe, and accident ſeems to have procured us an advantage, that all our deliberations have not been yet equal to. *Chance* has more to do in the affairs of this world, than the vanity and ſelf-ſufficiency of mankind are willing to allow. I made uſe of that expreſſion in compliance with vulgar ſpeech, ſaid ſhe, but I underſtand the word myſelf, in the philoſophic ſenſe of it,

" All chance direction which we cannot ſee."

MR. Brumpton alſo appears to be tranſported at this *deceptio viſûs*, and yet none of us have been yet

able to deduce any manner of ſcheme, that may afford us the benefit of it. *Chance* may perhaps, bring this about for us likewiſe. But, in the mean time, we have placed the whole conduct of this buſineſs in the hands of Mrs. Sutton. Women have always better addreſs *at novel* than men. We are all to take out ſeveral *rôles*, from her caſting of the parts.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER XCV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Windſor.

MY dear Harſtonge, my friend, my companion, my firſt connection, and till of late, my chief concern in life, you cannot conceive what a ſatisfaction you have given me, by affording me this opportunity of addreſſing you at preſent, though at ſuch a diſtance.

MY mind has ſtrained after you from ſtage to ſtage, and my heart ſympathized with every hope, and fear, and diſappointment, that yours has ſuſtained, during your fond, your anxious, and uncertain purſuit.

THUS far have the rights of friendſhip exacted from me; but oh! how much higher muſt the concord riſe between us, when it is tuned, as it is in me at preſent, by love alſo. I have for ſome time paſt, my Harſtonge, felt all the ecſtaſies, all the ſolicitudes of that charming paſſion, but without its deſpair, as my hopes reſt upon your concurrence, and the fair one's yet diſengaged affections.

I HAVE ſeen Miſs Harſtonge——Need I ſay more, to juſtify my ardour? I would deſcribe her beauty and accompliſhments to you, but that the arts of painting, and poetry, both, are unequal to the taſk, which

which may be ſo much more comprehenſively expreſſed, in one word, by ſaying that ſhe is, in every thing, my Harſtonge's ſiſter.

I HAVE not yet dared to prefer my ſuit, nor ſhall I preſume to attempt it, till I may have firſt obtained your kind permiſſion, to lay my perſon and my fortunes at her feet. My deſtiny depends upon your decree; and may the generous reſolve in my favour, be repaid you by the interpoſition of Providence, between your preſent difficulties and future happineſs!

Amen! and Adieu.

T. M.

P. S. I ſhall leave Brumpton and Sutton to ſpeak of themſelves to you.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Aix.

MY dear *old* friend. The tediouſneſs of time has appeared ſo long to me, ſince we were parted, that I cannot avoid adding that epithet, in ſpite of the ſhortneſs of the kalendar.

THERE is ſomething ſo divine in friendſhip, ſo ſtruck at a heat, ſo much above the ordinary courſe of nature, that it needs not the ſlow proceſs of years to bring it to maturation. Of this ſentiment I feel myſelf fully convinced, by finding that even the ſimilarity of our affections, with the parallel of our misfortunes, which generally ſtrengthen all other connections, have not yet been able to augment my fondneſs and attachments toward you. So that all the effect I am ſenſible of in my own diſtreſs, is the aggravated ſenſation of its being doubled, by touching the ſympathy of yours.

THE intercourſe which you have, at preſent, ſo kindly opened to your friends, by affording me an oppor-

opportunity of communicating my feelings to you, may be ſome relief to the uneaſineſs of my mind; but I ſhall not increaſe yours, by entering over again into a detail of thoſe misfortunes and difficulties, that you muſt have already heard the particulars of from Sir Thomas or Mr. Sutton, before you had entered upon your expedition; and to which I have nothing ſince to add, but that my fate ſeems ſtill to reſt upon the ſame point, that it fixed itſelf on, after receiving the letter from Miſs Dixon, which declared her final reſolve.

I HAVE, however, followed her to this place, obſtinately bent upon the ſame purſuit, that you have yourſelf undertaken. And if fortune ſhould ſtill continue averſe, both to your happineſs and mine, I am determined to join you next ſpring, in the ſame generous act of deſpair, that you have already ſo bravely reſolved upon. *Militiæ ſpecies amor eſt.* Glory is the next paſſion to love. *I will meet thee, at Philippi.*

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER XCVII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Dear HARSTONGE, Aix.

IT has given your friends infinite pleaſure, to hear that you have at length fixed a period to your wanderings. You are accountable to Providence and the world, both for your time and talents. It is now the proper criſis of your life, to exert them.

HOWEVER, I do not like the reſource you have at preſent pitched upon. In all difficulties that riſe to deſpair, women *fly to cloiſters*, and men *take the field*. I do not approve of either expedient. It is making a ſort of *enfans perdües*, or *forlorn hope*, of both. Think of the ſentiment, even of an heathen,

and

and applauded by another, upon this ſubject.——— *Animus paratus ad periculum, ſi ſuâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quam fortitudinis* *.

My refuge ſhould ever be in philoſophy; which is a point in which the beſt parts, both of the devotée and the ſoldier, may be ſaid to meet.—— The piety of reſignation, with the bravery of combat. A nobler ſtrife, than that of man with man—even that of *virtue with adverſity*.

" How charming is divine philoſophy!
" Not harſh and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
" But muſical as is Apollo's lyre;
" And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
" Where no rude ſurfeit reigns."

The journals of your pilgrimage, have made a *needle* of me, trembling under the *loadſtone* of your misfortunes. I am become *a barometer* too; for my mercury riſes, and falls, with your hopes and fears.—My eyes you have rendered an *hygroſcrope*, alſo; growing moiſt or dry, as you feel grief or joy.

Your letters from Orleans, produced every one of theſe effects in me; and the ſurpriſe and diſappointment I felt, upon reading theſe words, *Alas! my dear unhappy ſiſter!* had very near like to have reduced me to the condition of the lovely *Chauvelin*, at the inſtant of her pronouncing them. And they would actually have done ſo, if I had not luckily juſt then recollected, that *I was a man*.

However, upon reflection, I raiſed up my ſpirit again. I thought I foreſaw ſomewhat of an unhappy omen, in the phænomenon of that adventure. When the ſails begin to flutter, it is a ſign of the winds being about to change; and it may be hoped that Fortune is grown weary of perſecuting, when ſhe begins *to ſport* with us.

Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.

Do not imagine me, my dear friend, to be leſs affected at your diſtreſs, by all this play of words,

* *Plato*, quoted from *Cicero*.

and

and idle fancy. It is my manner. In this ſtile, I ſwear or pray; grieve or rejoice. In this ſtile I viſit the ſick or comfort the afflicted; I moan my pains, or lament my misfortunes. And when I treat my own ills with mirth and ſpirit, I ſhould think it *too ſelfiſh* to *indulge* myſelf in melancholy at another's coſt.

I HAVE encountered many difficulties, and diſtreſſes in life, to render my mind unhappy, more than I have ſet forth in my memoirs*, or may perhaps ever reveal; and yet have been obſerved to ſuſtain misfortunes and diſappointments, with an equal temper of ſoul, not only without melancholy, or repining, but even with cheerfulneſs and eaſe. However, they pay me too high a compliment, who impute ſuch ſpecious appearances to the perfection of my philoſophy. I pretend no ſtoiciſm, nor boaſt ſuperior ſtrength of mind. I cannot ſtare evils in the face, and brave them. My ſecurity, like female honour, is beſt placed in avoidance.

"Her arm *reſiſts* not, but *prevents* the blow †."

And I have, from frequent uſe, obtained at length the happy faculty, of being able to avert my mind, as eaſily as I can my eyes, from irkſome, to agreeable objects; and, by the ſole aſſiſtance of contemplation and ſtudy, can abſtract my thoughts from preſſing ills, and chooſe my own ideas. I was an invalid, and theſe were my medicines.

IT has been by ſuch means as theſe, that I have been ever able to maintain a conſtant chearfulneſs of diſpoſition, in my mind and manners, under the agonies of pain, the languor of ſickneſs, the pinchings of want, and the feelings of diſtreſs. For which reaſon, whoever makes me laugh, *with him*, may rank me among the number of his friends; while he who ſuffers me to laugh *at him* (for laugh I ſtill muſt upon any terms) forces me to be his enemy.

* Legacy to friends.
† Battle of the ſexes.

THERE

THERE are two amiable and unhappy perſons here at preſent. Miſs Dixon came hither in purſuit of health, and Brumpton has followed her in purſuit of happineſs. One Sir George Marriot has accompanied him. I don't know whether you are acquainted with him, or no. If not, I can't deſcribe him, as he happens to have no character.

YOUR friend, Mrs. Sutton, is exerting all her faculties of contrivance to accommodate their mutual wiſh. There are rich reſources in female aids, upon ſuch occaſions as this. The fertility of their invention, their perſeverance, the conſcious knowledge of each other's ſouls, with the addreſs of their argument with one another, often avail more than the whole wit of man can be able to effect.

IF ſhe ſucceeds in this quarter, I will lend her to you for the ſame purpoſe. She ſalutes you.

Adieu. C. S.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Montpelier.

AS I am drawing toward the end of my deſtined route, I begin to grow more dilatory in my journies. I am loth to give over the purſuit ſo ſoon, and have, therefore, loitered in this place longer, than my fruitleſs inquiries have offered me any pretence for remaining in it.

THIS leiſure has given me an opportunity of hearing an extraordinary ſtory, which has become public in this city lately. A young lady, of good fortune family, and of eminent beauty, had been courted for a conſiderable time by two young men, of equal rank, qualifications, and merit.

THE fair one received both their addreſſes alternately, but without ſeeming to give the leaſt preference to either. At length, being warmly preſſed by the rivals, and ſtrongly ſolicited by her friends, to make her option, ſhe confeſſed that ſhe found it impoſſible

poſſible to do ſo. She owned, that ſhe had not the leaſt prepoſſeſſion or engagement to any other perſon, in the world, and would, very willingly have given her hand to either of the lovers, if they would agree that matter between themſelves; but that the reſpective merits of each, had ſo equally engaged her affections, and ſuſpended her choice, that it was abſolutely out of her power to accept of either, in excluſion of the other.

THIS uncommon declaration of hers, drove the corrivals to deſpair; and as their paſſion was too ſtrong to reſign their pretenſions to each other, they, at length, determined upon the only expedient, the caſe would admit of, that of deciding their lot by combat.

THEY immediately, then, ſtepped aſide into Italy, in order to evade Lewis the fourteenth's law againſt duelling, went into the field together, embraced, took leave of one another, and fought bravely, till one of them was ſlain, upon the ſpot.

THE victor returned to *Montpelier*, and after waiting a decent interval, before he ventured to renew his ſuit, paid a viſit to his miſtreſs, whom he found diſconſolate, in tears, and dreſſed in the deepeſt mourning. He threw himſelf at her feet, implored her pardon, for the unhappy conſequence of the ſad alternative her irreſolution had reduced him to, and entreated once more the favour of her hand.

SHE fled from him with the higheſt indignation and reſentment, declaring that this action had deprived him for ever of all manner of hope, as much, ſaid ſhe, as the ſame ſucceſs would have barred the others pretenſions. For that as ſhe had loved them both ſo equally, while living, that ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to determine a preference between them, while they were only each others rivals, ſhe found it ſtill leſs in her power, to crown the triumph of the murderer of either. Upon this ſhock and diſappointment, the lover, it is ſaid, has run mad, and the unhappy beauty taken her flight into a monaſtery.

I PREFACED this ſtory to you as an extraordinary one, and ſo undoubtedly it is, becauſe it is the firſt inſtance

inſtance of the kind that perhaps ever might have happened. That a woman ſhould be equally indifferent, to two men, is common, but that ſhe ſhould love two perſons ſo equally, is ſomething new. And yet, I do not think the dilemma quite out of nature, in a perſon of either ſex, of ſtrong paſſion, and generous ſentiment.

But I ſhall leave philoſophers, who are more at leiſure, to diſcuſs this ſtrange ſubject, and prepare for my journey to Viviers, which will be my laſt ſtage, till I reach Lyons, where I hope to enjoy the pleaſure of hearing from you, and the reſt of my long forſaken friends.

Adieu. E. H.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Sutton, *To Sir* Thomas Medway.

Aix.

I Send you Harſtonge's letter, from Montpelier. I agree with him, that the circumſtance he mentions in his ſtory is poſſible, though uncommon. Why may not our affections be balanced between equal merits, as well as our ſenſes be ſuſpended between two ſimilar appearances?

The origin of two kings in Greece, was owing to the indiſcriminable likeneſs between two princes, *Euryſthenes* and *Procles*, who were brothers. Their features, perſons, and ſize, were ſo very ſimilar, that the States could not determine which was the elder, and therefore decreed them both joint authority in the realm.

There was as remarkable a ſtory happened, ſome years ago in France, and is upon record. One Martin Guere inſtituted a ſuit in one of the provinces, for the recovery of his wife, who, though ſhe had cohabited with him for many years, could not determine which was her huſband, between him and an impoſtor, who took poſſeſſion of his houſe, wife, and ſubſtance, at a time that he happened to be abſent.

The

THE likeneſs between them was ſo ſingular, that it not only conſiſted in the ſimilarity of their features, perſons, ſhape, ſize, and air, but even the very marks and moles of their bodies were the ſame, every way, both in number, appearance, and ſituation. What a ſport of nature was here!

THIS puts me in mind of a ridiculous affair, that happened in this country ſome time ago. A married lady was detected in an amour with a gallant, ſo extremely like her huſband, that they had been frequently ſpoken to for each other. The world was ſevere, and ſaid ſhe could have had no temptations to this intrigue, except the vice itſelf.——But Monſieur Dermont, your paralogiſt, pleaded for her, that it might have been only *a miſtake*; or that, at worſt, it could not ſo properly be ſtiled *adultery*, as *tautology*.

OUR cabinet council have, at length, come to this determination, that Mr. Brumpton is ſtill to wear the name of Lenox, to have an opportunity afforded him of meeting Miſs Dixon at my houſe, obtain permiſſion to viſit her, at hers, and ſo commence her lover in form, as a new man, ſeconded and recommended by Sir George, Mr. Sutton, and me.

WE are in hopes that this *pious fraud* may ſtill ſubſiſt undetected, becauſe Sir George ſays that Mr. Brumpton——Lenox, I mean——*lyars ſhould have good memories*——is more altered in his voice, and manner, ſince he was in Miſs Dixon's company, in England, than he is even in his features, and complexion.

——*Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen.——

A briſk, ſpirited tone of ſpeech, is now changed to a ſoft key, and tender accent, which are alſo, luckily, more conſonant to Miſs Dixon's own manner and diſpoſition.

HE confeſſed, that he was much ſurpriſed ſhe ſhould have miſtaken Mr. Lenox's perſon, as he had not thought him ſufficiently altered, to have led any one into ſuch an error; but that may be owing to his having ſeen him conſtantly every day, during his diſorder and recovery, when the changes, obtaining by

by degrees, might have appeared imperceptible to him, which ſtriking, all at once, might be capable of deceiving another.

THIS evening, the firſt rendezvous is to be held at my apartments.

Adieu. C. S.

LETTER C.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dear SUTTONS, male and female, BRUMPTON, LENOX, MARRIOT!

London.

I AM all over rapture!——There, now, ye are all over miſtaken. For I have neither received an anſwer from Harſtonge, nor avowed my paſſion to his ſiſter, nor received the leaſt favourable hint on her part. But ye, every one of ye, deſerve to be diſappointed, for ſuppoſing ſo unkindly of me, that I could not be tranſported at any thing, which did not immediately relate to my own happineſs.

I AM wrapt into the clouds, and can utter nothing leſs than oracles; and they, you know, of old, always took time to interpret themſelves. But do not imagine, now, that I ſat down with the deſign of puzling or perplexing you with this rhapſody. No—I really did begin this letter with the deſign of acquainting you of a ſecret, that would have rendered ye all extremely happy; but before I had finiſhed my firſt ſentence, ſome reaſons occurred to me, that made me think proper to change my purpoſe. I may, perhaps, be too cautious, but my prudence is not for myſelf.

I OUGHT not to have troubled you with ſuch unſatisfactory ſtuff, as this; but I feel myſelf under the agency of what philoſophers call an *impetus*, to do ſo, which I am not able to reſiſt. Beſides, it may *amuſe*, at leaſt, and that, believe me, is no indifferent article in this dull life.

Adieu. T. M.

LET-

LETTER CI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Viviers.

I HAD hardly alighted here, before a gentleman, who happened to be coming out of the inn, came up to me, with a very polite addreſs, and challenged my name. I informed him, but did not recollect him till he mentioned his. He had been a fellow ſtudent of mine at Cambridge. Sir Thomas will remember him, when I mention Harry Burchill. Medway will hardly forget the warmth of his expreſſion, the laſt evening we happened to be together, when ſpeaking on the immorality of the ſoul, he declared that he would rather *be damned* than *annihilated.*

HIS idea had ſpirit and virtue in it, though the terms he made uſe of were extravagant. His meaning you will certainly underſtand to be no more than this, that he would bravely take his chance, for the firſt, rather than poorly compound for the latter. All, but knaves or fools, will agree with his ſentiment.

MR. Burchill was, what we ſtile *a genius*, at college, a young fellow of parts and character, without application or œconomy. His father was what is termed a *Nabob*, in England; one of thoſe lucky emigrants, who happen to return from India loaden with *rupees.* He died ſoon after his ſon had quitted the univerſity, and left him an immenſe fortune.

HE had, from his father's example and deſcriptions, contracted unhappily an early taſte, for Eaſtern luxury and expence; which took ſuch entire poſſeſſion of his mind and appetites, that he quitted England immediately, upon his father's death, and came over to reſide in France, where he thought he might indulge himſelf in ſuch extravagancies, with more elegance and leſs reproach.

THIS is the account he has given me of himſelf, ſince I have been to viſit him, at his moſt ſumptuous villa, within a league of this town; to which he invited me with the warmth of an old collegiate; and

to

to which I repaired, as ſoon as I had been diſappointed in all my uſual inquiries, relative to the dear marchioneſs.

AFTER a repaſt of the choiceſt fruits and viands, that Apicius could have framed *a bill of fare* of, with the greateſt variety of the higheſt flavoured wines, that the different climes of this globe could produce, he led me into a large *ſalon*, ſo ſuperbly furniſhed, decorated, and gilded, as tranſported me at once into an Aſiatic palace.

HERE I was entertained with a concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, the fulleſt and beſt performed that I had ever heard. The voices ſeemed to have been all female, by the ſweetneſs and delicacy of their tones. It reſembled the *muſic of the ſpheres*; for I was enchanted with the melody, but ſaw none of the performers.

AFTER this charming entertainment, in which, perhaps, I indulged my feelings and reflections too much, was over, I followed him into a large hall, where the moment I entered, a ſudden brightneſs ſhot acroſs my eyes like a quick flaſh of lightning. An azure vault then opened on my ſight, enriched with ſpangled ſtars and purple clouds, begirt with golden rays, beaming Aurora from the ſhades of night.—The riſing day now cleared the blue ſerene, and a meridian ſun blazed forth its burniſhed luſtre. The eye abaſhed, depreſſed its modeſt pupils, and in mild Iris' bow, viewed its reflected ornament. A ſofter evening ſky ſucceeded theſe, and fleecy vapours tinged with Tyrian dye, filled the Cerulean arch, and cloſed the enchanted viſion.

THIS, he informed me, was what he ſtiles his *Concert of Colours*. The appearances were effected, by the means of a large machine, that filled one entire ſide of the hall. This was ſtrung, in warp, from the cieling to the ſurbaſe of the room, with ſilken threads of various tints, intermixed with *lamina* of gold, which were wooffed alſo, but not wove acroſs with the ſame.

BEHIND this inſtrument the performer ſits concealed, and by the machinery of keys and ſtops, in the manner

manner of an organ, he preſents you with ſuch a blending of ſhades, colours, and rays, as I juſt deſcribed, repreſenting the ſucceſſion of a fine ſummer's day, from the morning's dawn to the evening twilight,

Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores,

after the manner of tapeſtry weaving, but without involving or entangling the threads.

THIS extraordinary fabrick was contrived and conſtructed by an eminent artiſt at the Gobelins, and purchaſed by Mr. Burchill for twenty thouſand livres; which was ſo high a price, that the mechaniſt could not get any to beſpeak ſuch another, and has not therefore undertaken one ſince at his own expence, but has accepted a ſalary of twelve hundred livres a year, from Mr. Burchill, to exhibit the machine, and preſerve it in repair.

FROM this apartment, I was led into a large gallery, *en ſuite.* It was then about nine o'clock, and the evening grew obſcure; when, on a ſudden, I perceived ſeveral flaming meteors fly about the room, and a number of wax tapers, at once, ſhot forth a ſecond day. Every thing appeared to have been performed by enchantment.——I looked for his wand.

THIS gallery was hung all round with the fineſt paintings of the greateſt maſters, of ancient or modern Italy. The ſubjects were all of the moſt pleaſing kind.——Landſcapes of rural ſcenes, hills, plains, groves, hamlets, and herds of ſheep and oxen; fine views of palaces and gardens; proſpects of fleets ſailing over peaceful oceans; feſtive ſports, and ruſtic merriment. No repreſentations of battles, executions, torments, wars of beaſts, ſhipwrecks, or cities on fire, which ſo often diſgrace the beſt collections.

HERE ſtood alſo a number of the fineſt buſts, upon Corinthian pillars, with a few original ſtatues of antiquity, of the firſt execution, and perfect in all their parts; for he would not give room to any that were mutilated, or otherwiſe incompleat, though done by *Phidias*, or *Praxiteles.*

AT

At the end of the gallery ſtood a large cabinet, filled with the beſt choice of natural rarities that ever I had ſeen. For he did not prize a curioſity, merely on account of its ſingularity or ſcarcity, and would not have given fifty guineas, as Sir Hans Sloane did, for a pebble, becauſe there happened not to be another *ſo ugly* in the world.

In fine, this collection was compoſed entirely of the rareſt beauties of nature, ſuch as gems, ſpars, minerals, cryſtals, ſhells, &c. It was capable of pleaſing a child, at the ſame time that it might have entertained a philoſopher. This is being a *virtuoſo*, not a *curioſo*.

The poſt ſummons me to ſay,

Adieu, for the preſent.

E. H.

LETTER CII.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Sutton.

Viviers.

While I remained in the gallery, amuſing myſelf with the ſeveral beauties of art and nature, with which it was furniſhed, the richeſt odours perfumed the air, and grew to a degree, at laſt, *ſo ſweet, the ſenſe ached at it.* The fragrancy aroſe at firſt from the light of the tapers, which were compoſed of wax and ambergreaſe mixed; and from the blaze in the hearth, which had been lighted up with billets of cedar ſtrewed with frankincenſe.

These ſweets became afterwards augmented, and improved by more volatile ſcents, and pungent effluvia, which iſſued from an alcove in the room, where ſeveral open phials had been placed, filled with refreſhing extracts from Indian roſes, and other aromatic herbs and flowers. This, Mr. Burchill told me, he called his *concert of eſſences.*

I have made it a rule, ſaid he, to indulge myſelf every day of my life in the higheſt gratification

of

of my five ſenſes. My taſte, with a concert of ſavours, my hearing with one of muſic, my ſight with another of colours, my ſmell with one of flavours; and fifthly, and laſtly, ſaid he, I regale my principal ſenſe with what may be ſtiled *a concert in duetto*, to which I am going to introduce you.

In ſolo vivendi cauſa palato eſt.

At theſe words he opened a door which led into his ſeraglio, whither I followed him, and ſaw half a dozen beautiful young women, whimſically dreſſed, ſitting round a frame in a corner of the room, and working at embroidery. They all roſe to receive us, on our entrance, and moſt of their faces appeared ſo familiar to me, that I was going up to ſpeak to ſome of them, but ſtopped again and heſitated, on a nearer approach.

Burchill perceived my perplexity, and ſmiled at my confuſion. I gueſs, ſaid he, at your error; you fancied at firſt that you had been perfectly acquainted with theſe ladies, whom yet you never ſaw before; and your miſtake, which is natural enough, is probably owing to this.

I have a particular taſte in my amours, continued he—I would not give a ſhilling, for the higheſt beauty in *Circaſſia*, that did not reſemble the portrait of ſome eminent woman or other of former ages. So that while other men value a picture, for being like their miſtreſs, I eſteem mine only for their likeneſs to a picture.

Upon this idea, I employed the factor for my pleaſures, or *maſter of my revels*, to traverſe the whole continent of Europe in order to ſupply my *ſerrail*, with repreſentatives of the ſeveral portraits I had pitched upon; for which purpoſe, he carried with him the beſt prints, or mezzotinto's that had been ſtruck off from the original drawings; and he has ſo well acquitted himſelf of his errand, added he, that it ſeems to have impoſed upon you, juſt now, from your having been familiar, probably, with ſome of the pictures I had pitched upon.

I acknow-

I acknowledged this to be true, and what ſtrengthened the deluſion ſtill more, ſaid I, was, their being all dreſſed up, exactly in the very draperies of the ſeveral paintings they reſembled, Yes, he replied, not only their faces, but even their garbs, muſt be equally *pictureſque*, to anſwer my idea; by which means, I have contrived, ſaid he, to retrieve a century or two, and put myſelf in preſent poſſeſſion of beauties; which that old ſly thief, Father Time, thought he had long ſince placed beyond my reach.

Supper was ſoon after ſerved up, in this apartment. Mr. Burchil ſat down on one ſide, between the *Queen of Scots*, and *Anne Bullen*; I ſeated myſelf, on the other, between *Ninon de L'Enclos*, and *Gabrielle d'Etrèes*; at the lower end were placed *Jane Shore*, and *Nell Gwyn*; and at the uper end of the table, was ſet an empty chair, decorated like a throne, which Mr. Burchill told me was waiting for *Cleopatra*, who was then on her journey from Egypt, and hourly expected to arrive.

Poor Burchill retains but a faint reſemblance of academic character. The finer parts of his ſpirit have evaporated. A life of ſenſuality is not half a life, either in duration, or enjoyment. *Res eſt ſevera voluptas.* He is not more than about twenty-eight years of age, and looks to be near fifty. He is ſallow, bloated, and lethargic. He nodded ſeveral times after dinner and ſupper; and has no more converſation in him, than the *Great Mogul.*

I ſpoke to him, in friendſhip, upon his manner of life, preſſed him to quit his *Mahometan paradiſe*, and take a tour with me. He replied, that motion was painful to him, that he loved expedition, but abhorred fatigue. That he would fly, if he could, except for the trouble of moving his wings, and that the world travels, at the rate of above a million of miles, a day, which he thought was ſufficient exerciſe for any of its inhabitants.

He happened, indeed, to let fall a few ſuch things, as theſe, which tended toward humour; but conceits are poor ſubſtitutes for ideas. And I would no more have my converſations made up of *bons mots*, than my meals compoſed of nothing but *morels*, and *truffles*. I quitted him the next morning; and am now ſetting forward to Lyons; and Cleopatra herſelf ſhould not interrupt my journey, were I to meet her, juſt now, on her route from Grand Cairo, to Burchill's ſeraglio.

Hæc ſcripſi, non otii abundantiâ, ſed amoris erga te.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CIII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

OUR coterie met here, the other evening, according to engagement, and moſt of the night paſſed away in eaſe and chearfulneſs, among us, and in flattering proſpects, on our part of the drama. Mr. Lenox performed his role with great applauſe, for love was his preceptor. This is a paſſion that was ſeldom introduced into the antient buſkin. What admirable actors muſt there have been at Athens, to be able to have exhibited the plays of Sophocles, or Euripides, without the aſſiſtance of this principal part, of our modern fable? The Roſcius's, of theſe times, would actually fall aſleep in the middle of their performance, if it was not for the tranſports and inſpiration of this paſſion;

paſſion; which, therefore, our poets make the chief ſubject of their pieces.

Hang reflections: they carry one off from one's point. Mr. Lenox was eaſy and attentive, but not lively. Upon ſubjects of taſte, he was refined, and on thoſe of ſentiment, tender. Miſs Dixon was grave, but no way reſerved. She ſpoke little, but ſeemed to liſten. She ſometimes ſmiled, but oftener ſighed. Mrs. Sutton compared her, that evening, to *a gilded cloud.*

After ſupper, Mrs. Sutton led the converſation toward the topic of happineſs; and fixing on her own favourite ſcheme for it, expatiated largely on that of a married life. She mentioned her *bon ton* inſtitution, and invited Mr. Lenox, and Miſs Dixon, to become probationers in it. Sir George, ſhe ſaid, in a jocular way, ſeemed not to have ſentiment enough, to be adopted.

As you are already become a convert to this theſis, I need not trouble you with her arguments on that head; and indeed, they were as little neceſſary on this occaſion neither, only as they ſerved to afford Mr. Lenox an opportunity of becoming more particular, in his addreſs, to the fair Dixon.

He readily entered into his noviciate, and claimed the medal, which Mrs. Sutton immediately ſupplied him with. He looked upon the impreſſions, and read the motto aloud: Then caſting his eyes upon Miſs Dixon, with an expreſſion of tenderneſs and paſſion, that is not to be deſcribed, aſked Mrs. Sutton, if ſhe thought that love at firſt ſight might be reſponſible enough for the happineſs, ſhe had ſo warmly ſet forth?

Yes, replied ſhe, with promptneſs. So we loved, ſaid ſhe, taking hold of my hand. Such a ſentiment is not merely paſſion—'tis inſpiration, and prophetic of happineſs. Happineſs, like grace, is a ſpontaneous gift from Heaven, and therefore, comes unexpected. A ſudden attachment, concluded ſhe,

betokens a certain ſympathy of ſouls, which nature thus endeavours to draw into union, together, for their mutual bliſs.

She then preſented a medal to Miſs Dixon, who, with a bluſh, declined accepting of it. I am not worthy, ſaid ſhe, to receive that honour—But fate, alone, not nature, has occaſioned this demerit. And if one were to judge of the happineſs of the ſtate you mention, by the miſery I am ſenſible of at being for ever deprived of it, the bliſs, as you ſay, madam, muſt be derived from heaven, alone.

The emotion of her mind, with Lenox's look of deſpair, at her, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, overcame her. She attempted a ſigh, but her breath failed, and ſhe burſt immediately into tears. Lenox was very near betraying himſelf, but I forced him out of the room; Sir George followed us, and left the women alone.

Poor Miſs Dixon could not ſoon recover herſelf. She pleaded the bad ſtate of her health; ſaid that it was that circumſtance, which occaſioned her deſpair of ever being able to experience the happineſs of wedded love; made many apologies for having interrupted the chearfulneſs and converſation of the company, and retired home. Mrs. Sutton then came into the room to us, to learn what judgment we had formed, upon this extraordinary event.

I had juſt wrote ſo far, when I received the incloſed romantic letters from Mr. Harſtonge, the reading, and commenting upon which, have brought me too near the poſt hour, to give me time to proceed any farther with my narrative; ſo I muſt take my leave, for the preſent, and ſay,

Adieu.

C. S.

LET-

LETTER CIV.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

IT was with great difficulty I could compoſe Mr. Brumpton's diſtraction, after I had carried him out of the room, from Miſs Dixon; and Sir George and I were obliged to wreſt his ſword out of his hand, that he had drawn with a declared purpoſe to ruſh into the room again, and ſacrifice himſelf, at her feet.

"I had but little hope, when I purſued her "hither, cried he out, but the accident of my not "being known by her, I own had inſpired me with "ſome. I am now ſunk into total deſpair, again. "Her laſt expreſſions have deſtroyed all proſpect of "gaining her, either in my own character or my "aſſumed one. Her former denunciation had pro-"nounced the bar between us; and her preſent "ſentence declares no other man muſt hope.

"To what a dilemma had my fate reduced me? "continued he—I had no proſpect, but in deceiving "her—and yet, had that fraud ſucceeded, I ſhould "have become jealous of myſelf. Lenox would "periſh to obtain her hand. Brumpton would die, "ere he'd reſign her heart. My hopes, my jealou-"ſies, are now no more, and deſtiny accept me as "thy victim! Thy tyranny muſt quickly end thy "empire; for the conviction of my Dixon's love, "have edged the ſheers of *Atropos*."

In the midſt of theſe extravagancies, which however, piereed my ſoul, Mrs. Sutton came into the room. His natural politeneſs ſoon rendered him calm, before her; but upon being told his deſpair

upon the occaſion. " I do not look upon this " criſis, of *our* affair in the ſame light, or darkneſs, " ſaid ſhe, that you do. Miſs Dixon has, I " think, very plainly confeſſed her paſſion for " you; and believe me, Sir, that wherever true " love takes poſſeſſion of the ſoul, virtue itſelf " will ſolve its own ſcruples, and honour reſign its " punctilios.

" You men, ſaid ſhe, are apt to judge of us by " your clumſey ſelves. The leaſt difficulty throws " ye into a deſpondency; and if any untoward ac- " cident happens to trip up your heels, you lie " kicking and ſprawling on the ground, like an " helpleſs child, till ſomebody comes to take you " up. What a deal of ſad work, have both Miſs " Dixon and you, cut out, here, for the poor in- " nocent fates, who, I dare anſwer for it, have " never once troubled their heads, about either of " ye.

" But ſince you are ſo cowardly a ſoldier, conti- " nued ſhe, as to deliver yourſelf up to them, bound " hand and foot, without reſiſtance, I beg only " that you will make me your *deſtiny*, for the pre- " ſent, obeying me with the ſame blind ſubmiſſion; " and I will order it thus. The paſſive Dixon ſhall " be your *Lacheſis*, and hold the diſtaff; I will be " your active *Clotho*, to ſpin the thread; and as for " Miſs *Atropos*, ſaid ſhe, we'll bind her out an ap- " prentice, to ſome milliner, or other, where her " ſciſſars may be much fitter employed, than in " ſnipping of windpipes."

The humour and ſpirit of her manner of treating ſo ſerious a ſubject, had its effect upon poor Brumpton. He ſmiled, like *patience on her monument*, bent one knee to the ground, took her hand, kiſſed it, and vowed unmutinying fealty, during life, to her high beheſts. She then commanded her ſubject, upon his allegiance, to attend her levee, the next morning, and we parted, for the ſame reaſon that you and I muſt do, at preſent, becauſe it was late.

Adieu. C. S.

LET-

LETTER CV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Windſor.

I RECEIVED your tragi-comical deſcription of your drama, with equal pain and pleaſure. My hopes and fears alternate roſe and fell; nor am I yet out of ſuſpenſe, about our hero *ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate.* I do not perceive how Mrs. Sutton can poſſibly extricate my Brumpton out of his labyrinth. Though much indeed may be expected from activity, on one ſide, and paſſion on the other; and ſome criſis or other muſt certainly now be ſoon brought to paſs, and determine finally, for weal or woe.

But I am a lover, myſelf, to whom ſuſpicion and ſuſpenſe are natural. I am impatient at not hearing from Mr Harſtonge. Methought he loitered too long at Viviers; and I have read each paragraph of his letter, with regret, as I fancied they delayed his anſwering of mine.

However, I am obliged to them, for affording me pretences for paying two viſits to Miſs Harſtonge. —For though I received them both, at once, I managed them with better oeconomy, by producing only one at a time. She expreſſes great anxiety about her brother's ſituation; which ſentiment I confeſs that I encourage as much as poſſible, for I feel a ſort of ſelfiſh pleaſure and ſweet hope in finding her capable of ſtrong ſenſibility.

I gave an entertainment here, lately, upon her account, and had the honour of dancing with her. This preſented me with an opportunity of addreſſing her, with a freedom and gallantry that might, per-

haps, have appeared rather too abrupt upon any other occaſion; and if I do not flatter myſelf too much, ſhe appeared not to be diſpleaſed with my *petits ſoins*, and marked attentions; for ſhe ſometimes ſmiled and bluſhed, at once.—Charming coincidence!

Sir James Walden frequently invites me to his table, and ſeems to have conceived ſome eſteem for me; which I have taken great pains to cultivate, by laying aſide all my favourite claſſics, for the intire ſtudy of *Poſtlethwaite's Commercial Dictionary*; my proficiency in which has given him ſuch an opinion of my knowledge and depth, in theſe matters, that I am very certain, were he appointed prime miniſter to-morrow, he would recommend me, immediately, as a fit perſon for being the firſt lord of trade and plantations.

ady Walden ſeems alſo to be a good deal prepoſſeſſed in my favour; which is a principal article in an affair of this kind. I attend her conſtantly as her *Ciciſbeo*, am of all her parties, and loſe my money at cards *like a gentleman*, as ſhe expreſſes it.

I am impatient for a letter from Lyons, in order to put all theſe fond hopes and flattering proſpects to the trial. And, if I ſucceed — *I dare not* doubt it. I will, inſtantly, fly, with my lovely *Anna*, to the aſſiſtance or relief of my dear friends, Harſtonge and Brumpton.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Dear Medway, Lyons.

I HAD the tranſport of meeting with three letters, from my three firſt friends, the moment I alighted at the poſthouſe, in this town. I forgot my own cares, for a few ſhort moments—yours being the one of moſt conſequence among them, both to my own happineſs and yours, ſhall be the firſt I ſit down to anſwer.

My dear ſiſter! I moſt ſincerely congratulate you, on your rich conqueſt, too cheaply purchaſed by all your beauty, all your merit, unleſs—and can I doubt it? you pay down your heart, alſo, along with them. I ſhall then have reaſon to cry out, as Xerxes did, conſoling himſelf in the midſt of his defeats, *I have gained Themiſtocles.*

My dear brother, give me leave, now, to ſalute you by this tender name, and moſt cordially to wiſh you joy. My own grief vaniſhes, while I pronounce that word to you; for every happineſs my friends poſſeſs, leſſens the portion of my own miſery.

My love, my bleſſing, to our ſweet Anna, my ſiſter, my child. Preſent my duty, alſo, to lady Walden and Sir James, to whom I ſhall write, by this poſt, in ſomewhat a plainer ſtile than this.—Men of buſineſs cannot readily conſtrue flights and ecſtaſies into deeds and ſettlements; and they know no other bindings.

Adieu, my friend, and brother.

E. H.

LETTER CVII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Lyons.

MY dear friend in affliction, your letter has given me infinite concern. I deny the maxim of *ſolamen miſeris*. To have companions in misfortunes increaſes them. This is your own ſentiment too *, but I am warmer, and carry it farther—I do not think that I could be unhappy alone; for the very idea that I was the only perſon in life who ſuffered, would relieve my miſery. Thoſe who would comfort me in affliction, ſhould never preach the uſual conſolation, that my lot was *common*, but that it was *ſingular*.

I am extremely glad to hear that you are become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, and are now in poſſeſſion of their charming ſociety, during your preſent difficulties. Their ſpirit, chearfulneſs, philoſophy, and affections, are not only a cordial, but *a balm*, to wounded minds. It was ſuch temper and manners as theſe that afforded themſelves ſufficient ſtrength to bear up againſt their own difficulties, and it is natural to contract the habits of thoſe we aſſociate with. I am, alas! alone. Yet rejoice, without envy, at your ſuperior advantage of ſituation.

I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs—Let me be happy, in others, at leaſt. But ſhould your hopes fail you, I approve of the reſolution you have formed, in conſequence of ſuch an event; though Mr. Sutton condemns the ſame, in me—*I'll meet thee there.*

Farewel. E. H.

* Letter II. paragraph firſt.

LET-

LETTER CVIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Lyons.

I HAVE received the pleaſure of your tender, chearful, and philoſophic letter. I can equal you in the firſt character; but can only emulate you, without hope of ſucceſs, in the latter ones. I wiſh poor Brumpton may receive the benefit of your lectures. Your philoſophy is of the moſt encouraging ſort imaginable. 'Tis neither of the Stoic nor Cynic kind. It ſhews no ſtruggle, nor betrays contempt; but like *Arria*, receives the wound, and ſmiling cries, *Non dolet*.

In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna——

Your method, or rather *habit*, of *abſtracting your thoughts, and averting your mind*, is certainly an admirable expedient, in all the preſſing ills of life; but then, this faculty is not to be atchieved, at once. It muſt be practiſed in the ſchool of adverſity, and requires *degrees*, in hardſhips, to attain.—In this academy you have had the advantage of us both. Your very cradle had been ſtrewn with briars; while we, ſtill nurtured in fair fortune's lap, uneducated to ſorrow, unprepared for grief, at man's full eſtate, with all our *imperfections* on our heads, ſuſtained our firſt misfortune. Divines pretend that it requires much warfare to perfect us as Chriſtians; but philoſophers may, with more truth, affirm, that ſtrife is neceſſary to make us *men*.

I received a letter here from the enamoured Medway. It would be an affront to your friendſhips to ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you unacquainted with the object. I heſitated not a moment to yield my concurrence. My own misfortunes ſhall never make a *miſanthrope* of me; and the only way I have to be even with them, is, to diffuſe happineſs around me, as far and wide as my powers or influence can extend.

I had a letter alſo from my dear Brumpton. You know the ſubject. His final reſolve has been the ſame with mine, which you tell me you do not approve. I cannot ſee why. I ſhall wave the merit of a duty, as our determination may ariſe from deſpair. But, ſurely, the action itſelf is innocent, at leaſt. A man may enter a volunteer, into the ſervice of his country, without a crime; and the moſt heroic atchievements have been performed, always, by men prodigal of life. In this ſenſe I may, poſſibly, fall within the favourable predicament, the *utilitate communi*, of Plato's ſentiment.

I arrived here this day, at noon, and the reading and anſwering theſe three letters have prevented my being able to make any manner of inquiry after the marchioneſs D'Etoile, this evening; ſo that the general tenor of our correſpondence muſt reſt till the next poſt. Therefore, for the preſent, my dear Ariſtippus, adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CIX.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

THE next morning Mr. Lenox Brumpton attended at court, by *ſpecial command*, and the inſtructions he received, were to carry on the diſguiſe, as far as could be found to anſwer any manner of purpoſe, which is a thing that muſt ſoon, now,

now, be determined. That under the aſſumed perſonage, which the late unlucky accident had ſupplied him with, he ſhould take advantage of all opportunities of paying his addreſſes to Miſs Dixon, *et ſibi præferri ſe gaudeat*, in order to prepare the way for a more formal proceeding, which Mrs Sutton has promiſed to negotiate for him, herſelf, in perſon.

"This ſcheme, ſaid ſhe, to him, will anſwer "either of two ends. Gain her to Lenox, or rivet "her to Brumpton. If the latter, which ſeems to "be the more probable, then both your pride and "paſſion may, at once, be gratified, and hers ſet "at variance, againſt each other. Then let philo-"phy declare which is the ſtrongeſt, in a female "breaſt. If the former event ſhould obtain, then "may you be happy, upon *rational*, though not "*romantic* terms.

"Or if your extraordinary delicacy, your *jea-"louſy of ſelf-rivalry*, ſhould ſtill ſpurn at ſuch con-"ditions, the very mortification of your pride, in "the certainty of your having never been really "beloved, may, perhaps, triumph, at length, over "an hopeleſs paſſion; and a conqueſt over one's "ſelf is the nobleſt victory."

This point was moſt learnedly debated in our privy council; Mr. Brumpton ſtrenuouſly oppoſing Mr. Lenox; being, a conſiderable time, obſtinate, for caſting off the maſk, and throwing himſelf, *in propria perſona*, at Miſs Dixon's feet, and receiving his life or death from the ſentence of her clemency or cruelty, alone. This we oppoſed. It was a meaſure that would not be neceſſary, if Lenox ſhould prevail, and was finally in his power, ſhould Brumpton defeat him.

Sir George Marriot urged home the good old ſaying, of *two ſtrings to a bow*; and declared, that as the lady was the *quarry*, in view, he could not conceive it to be a matter of any manner of conſequence,

quence, what *gin* ſhe might be *ſnared* with. What *natural* ſenſe are men liable to ſpeak, who happen to be totally devoid of *ſentiment!*

At length we prevailed, and are now in a train. Pray for us, you that are now happy yourſelf, as Mr. Harſtonge's letter, of laſt poſt, informs me.—We moſt affectionately congratulate you. Mrs. Sutton has already promoted you, in her order of the *bon ton*, and has alſo joined lady Medway's name with yours.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CX.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Lyons.

IN this my ultimate reſort, I have had as little ſucceſs in my inquiries after the ever dear, but now loſt marchioneſs, as at all the reſt of my ſtages on the road. However, I purpoſe to remain here, all the autumn, to reſt my body, not my mind, which ſtill continues diſtracted—My own paſſion, my own impatience, were enough to render me ſufficiently unhappy; but have I not a yet fonder, dearer motive, for being ſo? Has ſhe not herſelf confeſſed a mutual regard for me? And ſhould I not then ſtruggle with her ſtill, for a ſake, by far more precious, than my own?

I do not waſte your ſpirits, nor inflame my own, by talking thus to you, in every letter; though both my ſentiments and feelings ever remain, without abatement, ſtill the ſame. I rather endeavour at your own philoſophy; but am able only to *avert* my words, not *abſtract my thoughts, from preſſing ills*; and

and ſpeak frequently to you, on foreign ſubjects, like a parrot, merely, without annexed ideas. In which manner, while I may continue capable, I ſhall ſtill proceed.

This place was formerly called Lugdunum, which name the French have not altered, but only *ſoftened* down, to Lyons. The affected, the effeminate refinements of this and its neighbouring nation, Italy, have almoſt rendered both their languages like waxen babies, fair, ſoft, and nerveleſs. Who is it that ſays, whenever he read French poetry, he felt as if he was drinking water? I forget whether he compares Greek and Latin poetry to drinking wine. However, to carry on the alluſion, let me liken Engliſh verſe to rough cyder; ſtrong, but harſh.

There is very little literature, of any kind, in this place, at preſent, though it was the firſt part of antient Gaul that Auguſtus attempted to civilize, by eſtabliſhing an academy here. Strabo mentions a ſingular article in this univerſity; that pieces of poetry and of muſic were admitted to be exhibited in it, for certain premiums; but on this condition, that the candidates who ſhould fail, ignominiouſly were condemned to be ſcourged, or baſtinadoed, for their arrogance and preſumption; the ſlighteſt puniſhment being that of paying the value of the prize to the victor. Is there not ſome ſuch piece of equity, as this latter, in our Engliſh laws, where plaintiffs are made to pay a fine, for inſtituting of frivolous or vexatious ſuits?

However, the liberal patronage of Auguſtus did not extend itſelf far, on the continent; for in the time of Charlemaigne, king of France, and emperor, literature was ſo very low, in his dominions, that two Engliſh ſtudents went over into Germany, and cried, *Science to be ſold*, about the ſtreets. Charlemaigne received them into his court; though he was ſo very illiterate himſelf, that he was obliged

to

to ſign all his diſpatches and ſtate papers with his mark. It was theſe men that planned the preſent univerſity at Paris.

But the riſe of the *Belles Lettres*, in this kingdom, is dated in the reign of Francis the firſt, who obliged all the learned men he could procure from abroad, to quit their cells, appear conſtantly at court, and converſe familiarly, in the circles of the fair. But enough of theſe diſſipating reflections.

One reaſon for my reſiding here, ſo much longer than I have continued at any of the other towns or ſtages, in my circuit, is, that it is the great mart for the whole continent, and that merchants come from all parts of it, to traffic in their manufactures here. I may, poſſibly, by mixing among them, and making proper enquiries, be able, perchance, to diſcover the retreat of the too lovely and ſequeſtered D'Etoile.

Amen, and Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CXI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Dear Harſtonge, Windſor.

THE laſt pacquets have delivered me your bleſſing. Sir James and lady Walden received letters from you, at the ſame time. They alſo are of accord with my wiſhes. The moment I read your kind letter, I waited on Miſs Harſtonge, and preſented it to her. She peruſed it, and fell into a flattering confuſion.

She would return it to me, but I declined the accepting of it. I told her that the ſole advantage I had

I had propoſed to myſelf, by ſoliciting that letter, had been already obtained, by affording me the permiſſion of throwing myſelf at her feet; and as the prayer of my petition had not dared to exceed thoſe limits, that reſcript had already ſpent the whole of its authority, with me.

I would proceed, but find I cannot. I have attempted it often, in vain. Her reply was conceived in terms ſo delicate, ſo flattering, and polite, that your own refinement muſt ſupply them. Her ſentiment is retained *by heart*, while her expreſſion has eſcaped my memory.

Sir James has undertaken to tranſact all the *trade and traffic* between us, and lady Walden has charged herſelf with the whole *etiquette* of forms and punctilio. To ſuch inferior articles as theſe I could not have any manner of objection, except the delay; which they have kindly limited, but cruelly extended to the interval of a week, from this day.

Mr. Sutton was the perſon who firſt enraptured my idea of the *tranſlated* ſtate I am now going to enter into—I thought him rather an enthuſiaſt, at that time. I recollect him now, as a philoſopher, merely. How coldly did he expreſs himſelf, by ſaying only, that it doubled every joy, or trebled all our reliſhes. This is not a ſubject to which the powers of numbers, or the rules of proportion, can adequately be applied. It is not only higher, in degree, but different, in nature, alſo, from any other human enjoyment, poſſible to be conceived.—Burchill's concerts, for each of the ſenſes, may delight a man, but this fuller concert, of all the ſenſes, in one, ſpiritualizes us into angels—It is—But you *ſhall know* what it is—

Continue at Lyons till your ſiſter, and my wife, embrace you there.

Adieu, my brother—or ſtronger ſtill, my friend.

Farewel.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

AS ſoon as our little council had broke up, Mrs. Sutton waited on Miſs Dixon, to inquire how ſhe had reſted after her diſcompoſure of the evening before; and took Mr. Lenox with her, by way of a ciciſbeo. They found her, as uſual, grave, but affable; reſerved, but well bred.

She made ſome apology for the interruption ſhe had, accidentally, given to our party, the night before, and the abruptneſs of her departure. This afforded Mr. Lenox an occaſion of ſaying ſeveral polite things to her, on that ſubject; which he did, with a certain command of himſelf, that has given Mrs. Sutton good hopes of her promiſing pupil.

He began with aſſuring her that her departure muſt, at any time, appear *abrupt*, and that the longer ſhe remained in company, the ſhorter her ſtay muſt ever be perceived. But the particular, madam, ſaid he, with a voice of ſoftneſs, and a look of tenderneſs, which rendered me the moſt unhappy, was ſome expreſſions you happened to let drop, upon the very intereſting ſubject of Mrs. Sutton's diſcourſe and mine.

Miſs Dixon ſeemed to grow uneaſy, again, at the renewal of this theme, but he ſtill went on. My philoſophy, nay, my religion, moſt amiable fair, ſaid he, aſſures me that ſuch a negative reſolve, in you, madam, muſt contravene the will of heaven, which forms congenial ſouls, as Mrs Sutton has already obſerved, for mutual bliſs, and curſes whoe'er ſhall interrupt their union.

I agree

I agree with your ſentiment, cried ſhe out with earneſtneſs, and am, in this article, a profeſſed predeſtinarian. But death, or ſome other unhappy circumſtance, may, ſometimes, interrupt this kindeſt ſcheme of Providence, ſaid ſhe, without a crime, on either part. Her voice faltered, and her eyes filled, at theſe words, which as ſoon as Mrs. Sutton perceived, ſhe quickly turned the ſubject, to one leſs ſerious.

Sir George Marriot and I called in, luckily, at the ſame time, and our converſation became more general, for the reſt of the hour we treſpaſſed on her time. We then adjourned together to the public rooms, mixed with other company, and finally ſeparated, retiring ſeverally to our own hotels.

I am, juſt this moment, ſummoned to attend our ſociety, on a party out of town, therefore muſt bid you adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CXIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

My dear SUTTON, Lyons.

I HAVE juſt received the incloſed unexpected letter. My ſurprize and joy you muſt yourſelf imagine—Providence ſurely ſeems to be, at length, determined to take me under its protection, on account of my long, but unwearied conſtancy, in a virtuous purſuit, by affording me ſuch a clue, to my late inextricable labyrinth!

I am juſt going to mount my horſe; and have only time to wiſh you, and the reſt of our friends, joy, upon the preſent criſis of my fortunes, and to bid ye all, in haſte, adieu.

E. H.

LET-

PERE DUMONT, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Dear Son, Orleans.

THE reliefs which your charity and benevolence had lately diſtributed, among the poor of this city, by me, your almoner, and friend, have prayed down a bleſſing on your head.

On your departure from hence, I began to meditate with myſelf, after what manner it might poſſibly be in my power, to recompenſe ſo much Chriſtian liberality; and, at length, reſolved to procure for you, from the female attendant of madam de Chauvelin, that information, which ſhe, herſelf, had refuſed to ſupply you with.

I did, accordingly, apply to the young woman, and have the pleaſure to be inſtructed that the late marquis D'Etoile had reſided, from the time of his marriage, to his ſetting out for Aix la Chapelle, at a villa of his own, named Chateau Detoillette, within a league of Chambery, the capital city of the dukedom of Savoy, in Italy; which hint may ſerve, as a probable medium, at leaſt, for your future inquiries to proceed by.

Chambery is not more than a day's journey, from Lyons, where I hope this letter may overtake you, as I recollect, luckily, that at parting, you purpoſed to ſojourn in that city, for ſome conſiderable time.

I have often, ſince, been ſurprized upon your diſappointment in not obtaining a more direct information, from madam de Chauvelin, herſelf, that this ſcheme of inquiry had not occurred to you, before you left this city. But paſſion ſeemed to have blinded and obſcured all your faculties, as it is the nature of them ever to do.

Remember,

Remember, my ſon, that one of the philoſophers compares the perſon, who is reſtleſs under the diſpenſation of Providence, to *an hog, in ſacrifice*, that kicks, and ſcreams, in vain, to alter deſtiny. To which, give me leave to add, that the patient ſufferer reſembles the lamb, at the foot of the ſame altar.

Know, that philoſophy is the choiceſt gift of heaven, becauſe it is *in loco* of all others—It is never thrown away, upon any one; as he muſt be an happy man, indeed, who does not meet with occaſions ſupplied, by almoſt every day's experience, for the exerciſe of it.

It was ſaid, by the good Marcus Aurelius, who had every character of a Chriſtian in him, except his faith, "That we may be prevented, in every other "purſuit, except that of virtue; for the ſoul may "convert any impediment, of its firſt intention, into "a more excellent object of action. And thus, per-"haps, ſaid he, it may be for its advantage, to be "ſometimes obſtructed; as it advances in its road "by being ſtopped in it."

The intemperance you betrayed ſo often before me, while you remained here, affected me, extremely, on your own account—Think, my dear ſon, that the impatient ſufferer enters into a league with affliction, againſt himſelf; while reſignation converts even an affliction to a bleſſing. Your trial and diſtreſs I will grant you to have been ſevere; but your exertions ſhould be, therefore, in proportion to them.

You'll forgive my exhortations, ſon. It is my office to preach, and yours to practiſe. So I ſhall now conclude, with one ſentence more, borrowed from Seneca, *Tantis in malis vinci, malum eſt.*

Benedicaris, Domine—Vale.

JEAN DUMONT.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

THE party I was obliged to attend, on the cloſe of my laſt letter, was one that Mr. Lenox had formed, in compliment to Miſs Dixon, at a ſweet villa, about three miles from this town.

She happened to be charmed with the ſcene and proſpect of that ſituation, the day before, as we were all riding together, near the place, and expreſſed a deſire of contemplating the beauty of the views, for ſome hours longer; but ſhe had not then time to indulge herſelf in that pleaſure.

Upon this hint, Mr. Lenox hired an apartment at a neat farm-houſe, on the ſpot, beſpoke a collation, and invited Miſs Dixon, and the reſt of the company, to ſpend the next day with him, at that village, which we did accordingly; ſetting out immediately after breakfaſt, and not returning, till late in the evening.

We walked a good deal about the grounds, feaſting our eyes with a landſcape, that rivalled the deſcription of the iſle of Tinian*; and this afforded Mr. Lenox an opportunity of entertaining Miſs Dixon, frequently, apart, which it was not in her power to avoid, as we purpoſely ſeparated from them, ſeveral times, upon ſome frivolous pretence, or other

He took care not to alarm her, at firſt, affecting to ſpeak only on general topics; or pointing out the various objects of the country, and amuſing her with quotations, and deſcriptions, of Arcadian plains, and

* Anſon's voyage.

and paſtoral life, from the Engliſh poets, and tranſlators of the claſſics, till we retired into the houſe, to dinner.

After coffee, we returned to our ramble, again; and Mr Lenox began then to enter a little into a more particular converſation, with Miſs Dixon He complimented her upon her ſenſe and taſte in the politeſt terms; and mentioned her beauty and accompliſhments with a warmth, both of manner and expreſſion, that began to alarm her.

Mr. Lenox quickly perceived her diſtreſs, and thinking it now too late to retreat, reſolved, inſtantly, to hazard a fuller avowal of his attachments to her; and taking advantage of an angle in the field, that hid them from our view, ſeized her by the hand, and throwing himſelf at her feet, made an explicit declaration of his paſſion.

Miſs Dixon appeared to be much embarraſſed upon this occaſion, and poor Lenox aſſured us that he was no leſs ſo, himſelf. She intreated him to riſe, told him that neither the place nor ſituation they were then in were proper for entering upon ſuch a ſubject as this, and then preſſed forward till ſhe overtook us, and was careful not to ſeparate from the reſt of the party, the remainder of the evening.

We all returned to town together, and attended Miſs Dixon home to her hotel. Mr. Lenox came to ſup with us, and gave Mrs. Sutton the above account of his overture, which ſhe intirely approved of, as a proper opening of the plot. Though what is to be expected, from this ſame duplicity of character? Is a lover, divided againſt himſelf, upon a ſurer foundation, than a houſe, in the ſame circumſtance?

But thus much may be ſaid for it, that deſperate caſes require deſperate remedies; and probabilities are not to be weighed againſt neceſſity.

Adieu.

C. S.

LET-

LETTER CXV.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chambery.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday morning, and was ſucceſsful on my very firſt inquiry, by finding that the information the good Pere Dumont had procured for me, was true in each particular; the Chateau Detoilette lying in this neighbourhood, and having been the ſeat of the late marquis D'Etoile's uſual reſidence.

My hoſt, who gave me this account, could not acquaint me whether the marchioneſs was there, at preſent as he ſaid that he had not heard any thing relative to her, ſince the death of the marquis. He offered me to aſk the queſtion from other perſons in the town, who might, poſſibly, have ſome connection with that quarter of the country; but I reſtrained my impatience, and told him that it was nothing more than mere travelling curioſity, as I had been a little acquainted with the marquis, formerly. For I did not chuſe to occaſion the leaſt manner of alarm that might have reached her ears; eſpecially, as I could ſoon ſatisfy myſelf in that particular, by riding out to ſome of the villages, near the place.

I remained at my inn, till late in the evening, in doubt, anxiety, and impatience; then mounted an horſe, attended only by my confidant, and rode out toward the Chateau Detoilette.

When I came within view of it, I ſtopped at a little hamlet on the road, and aſked who reſided there at preſent; to which I was immediately anſwered, that the widow of the late marquis D'Etoile,

D'Etoile, and a young lady, named mademoiſelle de Renier, were the only inhabitants of that caſtle, at this time.

I made the peaſant repeat the words—I had cauſe for doubt—My eyes had been deceived before, and I could hardly truſt my ears now—My exultation was extreme—But my depreſſion as ſudden, and as great. The incertainty of my purſuit, had hitherto reſtrained my attention moſtly to that object; but this once over, my doubts, oh! my deſpair of winning her, recurred with added force, the nearer I approached the trial.

I did not ride up directly to the caſtle, but traverſed the grounds round it, like a rich miſer's ghoſt, haunting the caſket where his treaſure lay. I dared not to proceed further. I had not ſufficiently armed myſelf, with reſolution—This was the laſt criſis of my fate—My life, my death, my happineſs, hung on it. I trembled, grew ſick, and returned back to Chambery again.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

THE next morning, Mr. Brumpton came to us, full of anxiety and apprehenſion, and told us that he thought he had now, by his late adventure, brought the ſtate of our project to a proper ſituation of circumſtance, for Mrs. Sutton to enter upon the ſcene herſelf, openly, according to her promiſe to him*, which he ſaid he had then come to claim.

* Letter CIX. part 1.

Sir George and I ſupported his pretenſions, and Mrs. Sutton ſoon acceded to our treaty. Accordingly, in the evening, we began our ſiege in form, before the Dixon, depending upon theſe lines of Cowley.

" That fortreſs, ſure, can never long hold out,
" Within ſo hated, and ſo lov'd without."

Mr. Lenox, Sir George and I, remained at home, while Mrs Sutton went to pay a viſit to Miſs Dixon, whom ſhe had the good fortuue to find quite alone, reading Howe's meditations and reflections upon human life.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw her come into the room, my dear madam, ſaid ſhe, this viſit is extremely opportune to me, as I have great occaſion for your aid, at preſent, in a matter of difficulty, which has lately occurred, and which I do not know well how to extricate myſelf from, without your friendly aſſiſtance.

Nothing can be more lucky than this, anſwered Mrs. Sutton, for the intent of my preſent viſit, being to conſer with you, upon a ſubject of great moment, and concern, you may depend on my ready compliance with your requeſt, as reciprocal obligations are the ſureſt bands of friendſhip.

Upon this, a punctilio aroſe between the ladies, which of them ſhould prefer her ſuit the firſt; each offering to give the precedence to the other—But Mrs. Sutton determined the point, at laſt, in favour of Miſs Dixon, by ſaying, that as ſhe had been the firſt mover, in this cauſe, ſhe certainly had the right of being firſt heard.

Mr. Lenox, ſaid Miſs Dixon, has manifeſted both a very particular, and a polite addreſs toward me, ever ſince I have had the pleaſure of his acquaintance; but as he is a well-bred man, I deemed theſe appearances to be no more, than the uſual diſplay of thoſe gallantries, that it is thought all our ſex, while young, whether handſome, or otherwiſe, univerſally expect from his.

But

But yeſterday evening, continued ſhe, he took occaſion of putting this point beyond equivocation, by declaring a perſonal attachment to me, and intreating my acceptance of his hand and heart; and made this requeſt, with a ſort of warmth and earneſtneſs, added ſhe, which I thought the few ſlight merits that I may perhaps poſſeſs, much leſs the few ſuperficial ones he might poſſibly, on ſo ſhort an acquaintance, have imputed to me, were ſufficient to have excited, in a perſon of Mr. Lenox's ſeeming philoſophic ſenſe, and refinement of ſentiment.

However, this extraordinary ardour, ſaid ſhe, though it ſurprized my philoſophy, at the inſtant, has not offended my delicacy, upon reflection. There may, perhaps, be ſuch a thing, in nature, as *love at firſt ſight*, as he gallantly hinted before me, lately, at your houſe; which though I did not remark on, or make application of, at that time, this late occaſion has made me recollect ſince.

If this ſhould unhappily be the caſe, ſhould Mr. Lenox be really ſenſible of all that exceſs of paſſion, which he has ſo emphatically expreſſed, I know but one thing, now, within the reach of ill-fortune, that could render me more wretched.

It is not in my power, ſaid ſhe, to accept the honour he intends me, though I acknowledge, that both his underſtanding, manners, and perſon, intitle him to the acceptance of an happier woman; and as I do not care to expoſe myſelf, to any farther ſolicitations, upon that ſubject, I muſt intreat the favour of you, dear madam, ſaid ſhe, to deliver this anſwer to Mr. Lenox, which I was too much hurried, and confuſed, to do, myſelf, at the inſtant of his declaration, and am peremptory, in avoiding any other opportunity of doing.

Mrs. Sutton did not interrupt her, all this while; but when ſhe became ſilent, replied, that ſhe could not, poſſibly, think of returning a perſon of Mr. Lenox's merit, and conſequence, a bare anſwer,

without a reaſon, upon a point, which, to her own knowledge, the happineſs of his life, his life itſelf, I fear, added ſhe, ſo intirely depends.

Neither might ſuch a refuſal be ſufficient, continued ſhe, to preſerve all the guarded appearances, on your own part, that your delicacy ſhould be attentive to; for when a young woman, who is independant of any authority, but her own will, declines ſo honourable, and unexceptionable an offer, as Mr. Lenox had juſt propoſed, ſhe ought not to be ſuppoſed to have any other objection to the acceptance of it, but ſome proper and prior engagement or other.

And if this ſhould be the caſe, concluded ſhe, as I make no manner of doubt but it is, it would certainly be more ingenuous, and prudent both, to declare ſo at preſent, than to leave a point, of ſo nice a nature, to the hazard of conjecture, in a world ſo uncandid, as this.

I thank my moſt amiable matron, replied Miſs Dixon, for the proper hint her ſentiment has conveyed. Yes, then, I do confeſs a præ-ingagement. —But it is one, of that unhappy nature, which muſt for ever preclude his hopes, without compleating mine. A prior paſſion does, indeed, claim a preference, which though ſevere neceſſity muſt ever bind me to oppoſe, I ſhall always preſerve ſuch a reſpect for, as never to ſacrifice to any other.

She ſtopped, bluſhed, and ſhed a tear—Mrs. Sutton, pitied, embraced, and left her. Brumpton exulted, and Lenox grew diſtracted.

I am interrupted—Mr. Brumpton, who has now thrown aſide the unavailing name of Lenox, has juſt ſent to me to go take my leave of him, as he flies off, inſtantly, to Chambery, to pay a viſit to his unhappy friend, Harſtonge.

Sir George is no knight errant, is grown weary of *foreign parts*, and returns, immediately, to England; as Mrs. Sutton and I ſhall, to Bruſſels.——

The

The air, exerciſe, and theſe waters, have, thank heaven, fully re-eſtabliſhed her precious health, notwithſtanding the ſhock it had received, from the conflicts of tenderneſs and compaſſion, which her mind had ſuſtained, between the Brumpton and Dixon.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CXVII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dear SUTTON, London.

LADY Medway returns her compliments, to Mrs. Sutton; ſhe moſt gratefully accepts the honour of her pre-elective adoption, and promiſes to become a reaſonable good wife, provided *I do not vex her.* But I am reſolved that ſhe ſhall have the ſole merit of being ſo, herſelf; for I find myſelf incorrigibly inclined, to do every thing in my power, *to ſpoil her.*

Your account of our dear Brumpton's laſt, loſt hope, has rendered me extremely unhappy.—I pity poor Miſs Dixon, too, almoſt as much, and almoſt blame her ſcruples. I am glad to hear, however, that he has taken the reſolution of flying off to Mr. Harſtonge—This will, probably, be of more ſervice to him, under his misfortune, than if he had either remained with you, or returned back to me. The very exertion of a generous mind, to aſſiſt another's diſtreſs, ſerves to relieve its own. This is the only ſenſe, in which I will admit the *ſolamen miſeris* to be juſt.

I ſhall ſoon overtake him there; for my Anna and I are come up to town, in order to prepare ourſelves for our journey to Chambery immediately. We ſhall do ourſelves the pleaſure of enjoying one day with Mrs Sutton, and you, at Bruſſels, in our way. I would initiate my Anna into the ſacred rites of marriage, under the auſpices of Hymen and Pronuba Juno, who ſeem to be the peculiar *Dii Penates*, of your houſehold.

Sir George, you ſay, is tired of travelling, already; and of friendſhip too, I dare venture to ſay. Poor Brumpton's diſtreſs muſt have been rather *dull*, to a perſon who wants the *high relief of feelings*.

Theſe are your ſort of men, who retire from life at forty, reſign themſelves up to beer and tobacco, and boaſt over their cups, of *youthful days*, which they never enjoyed. For what is *youth*, without its *energies*, but *præmature old age?* He who would not venture his fortune for a friend, or his life for a miſtreſs, never yet was young.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER CXVIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chambery:

AFTER an anxious and ſleepleſs night, I provided myſelf, the next morning, with every argument, in ſupport of my ſuit, that love or deſpair could ſuggeſt, and revolved every thing in my mind, that either philoſophy, or religion could dictate, in order to ſuſtain my diſappointment, with becoming manhood and reſolution.

I then

I then ſet out for the Caſtle of Detoilette, and arrived there about noon. I was received under the roof, but denied the permiſſion of ſeeing the Marchioneſs, until I ſhould firſt have annonced who I was. This difficulty diſtreſſed me extremely.—I had too good reaſon to fear left the name of Harſtonge, might have precluded me from all hope of ſeeing her.—And yet, what other device could I frame, to deceive her vigilance into ſuch a ſecurity, as might have gained me an admiſſion to her preſence?

But love is inventive—*une ruſe d'amour*, is certainly more juſtifiable, than *une ruſe de guerre*. Therefore, without any reply to the queſtion, it happily occurred to me to inquire for mademoiſelle de Renier, to whom I acknowledged I had not the honour of being known; but ſaid, that I had lately come from Orleans, had ſince received a letter from the convent there, which directed me to her, and that I would firſt be permitted to ſee her, before I ſhould deſire to be preſented to the marchioneſs.

In a ſhort time after, mademoiſelle de Renier came down to me, with the greateſt empreſſement imaginable; and hardly waited to diſcharge the common forms of politeneſs, before ſhe began to aſk me ſeveral particulars about her dear, unhappy friend, as ſhe termed her, at Orleans.

To which I replied, only in general words, that ſhe was well, without ſeeming to have been, in the leaſt, acquainted with any of the circumſtances of her misfortune, except her widowhood: that I had the honour of being introduced to her, upon a particular occaſion, lately, without having known any of her connexions in life; that ſhe then ſpoke of the marchioneſs D'Etoile, as her ſiſter, with the moſt affecting warmth, and that in conſequence of that interview, I was come to wait upon her, having ſomething to communicate, which required a private audience; and to which I choſe to have the honour of

of being introduced, by mademoiſelle de Renier, whoſe name I had likewiſe heard mentioned, with advantage, at Orleans.

Mademoiſelle de Renier is young, pretty and lively, with a great air of naïveté, and frankneſs, and ſeems to have a briſk air of doing every thing. She aſked me no further queſtions, but led me immediately up ſtairs, to the marchioneſs's apartments, preſented me, and inſtantly retired.

The effects of her ſurprize, and my awe, were equally ſtrong, and viſible, in both of us. The moment I entered the room, ſhe roſe, to receive me, before ſhe could well know who I was, then fell back, ſuddenly, into her ſeat again, bluſhed, and trembled.

I ſtood, for ſome moments, irreſolute—my love tranſporting me to catch her in my arms, while my reſpect was humbling me at her feet; where my emotion almoſt involuntarily proſtrated me, ſoon, by depriving me of the power, any longer, of ſtanding.

In this poſture I pleaded for my life, and happineſs, with all the ſtrength of reaſoning, and fervour of ſupplication, which ſuch intereſting concerns may be ſuppoſed naturally to have inſpired. I told her of my purſuit after her from Aix, of the miſtake which had been the lucky means of my having obtained this direction in my ſearch, and of my occaſional adventure with her ſiſter. I added, that ſhe pitied my misfortune, and I hoped that I ſhould not meet with leſs compaſſion from the too lovely author, than I had received from the kind auditor, of it.

All this afforded her time to recover from her ſurprize and confuſion. She forced me, at laſt, to riſe, which ſhe had, ſeveral times, intreated, while I was ſpeaking; and after ſhe had prevailed on me to ſit down near her, ſhe, with an apparent exertion of reſolution, in which, however, her voice ſometimes failed her, anſwered me, thus.

You

You have no reaſon to doubt of my compaſſion, replied the marchioneſs, for to pity you, and myſelf, ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, is but one ſentiment. Were but the common ways permitted me, of teſtifying my eſteem, my regards for you, it might ſave me the condeſcenſion, the indelicacy, of confeſſing before you, that there is no hazard ſo great, no penance ſo ſevere, but I would venture, or ſuſtain, to redeem the vow, I had ſo precipitately pledged to heaven.

But the motive was virtuous, continued ſhe, and ſanctifies that oath, which heaven alone can ever now abſolve. To which, in juſtice to your merits, and in teſtimony of my preſent declarations to you, give me leave here to add, *that no living rival ſhall ever triumph over you, neither*. I cannot render you happy. All I can do, is, to reſolve being wretched with you.

I endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not. All my faculties were ſuſpended, while ſhe thus went on. This ſad participation with you, ſaid ſhe, has made me ſo much in love with miſery, that I will, henceforth, hold communication with none but the wretched. I will fly to my ſiſter, and ſolicit her to join our fortunes together, and found a convent for the reception of an order, to be ſtiled *The Society of unhappy Siſters*; and into which none ſhall be admitted, but thoſe whom ſettled griefs, or irremediable misfortunes, ſhall have rendered fit objects of our mutual commiſeration.

A ſhower of tears flowed down her lovely cheeks, as ſhe finiſhed theſe expreſſions, and my ſympathy with her ſorrow was ſo ſtrong, at that time, that, for a while, it quite abſorbed my own. I wept with her, and when ſhe roſe up to retire, I caught her in my arms, and preſſed her to my boſom. My rapture was inexpreſſible. She ſeemed to yield to it, rather from compliance, than conſent, but quickly recollecting her ſituation, diſengaged herſelf

from my embrace, and ruſhing out of the room, fled into an inner apartment, and locked herſelf up from my purſuit. A thouſand worlds I thought too few, to have ſacrificed for another embrace. Myſelf too poor a victim.

The conſcious dignity of manhood reſtrained my impetuoſity and diſtraction, and helped to preſerve appearances, till I got out of the houſe. The humiliating circumſtance of my diſappoinment, with the ſeeming effeminacy of tears, prompted me to retire with precipitation, from that pregnant ſcene of hopeleſs love, and confirmed deſpair.

I returned back to Chambery, in ſuch a ſtate of mind—But I will not aggravate deſpondency, by deſcription.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CXIX.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

MRS. Sutton had great difficulty, to moderate poor Brumpton's exceſſes. She put him in mind that ſhe was his deſtiny, and he ought, therefore, to ſubmit to her; that ſhe was his ſovereign to whom he owed obedience; and finally threatened, that if he did not immediately become a rational creature, ſhe would inſtantly return to Miſs Dixon, and warn her; that impatient men make but uncomfortable huſbands, as well as bad ſchool-maſters.

She aſſured us that ſhe had not given Miſs Dixon over yet; and that ſhe had purſued her plan no farther,

farther, at that time, was becauſe that her appearing to have come too much prepared, might have created ſome ſuſpicion, of a concerted ſcheme; and ſhe thought it would anſwer better, to ſeem rather the confidante of Miſs Dixon, than the agent of Mr. Lenox; in which character ſhe promiſed him, at the ſame time, ſhe would wait upon her, the next morning.

She added, that ſhe, therefore, deemed it to be a fortunate omen, that Miſs Dixon had aſſumed the ſubject herſelf, and that her mind had been ſo intirely occupied about it, that ſhe never thought of challenging her, in turn, upon the hint ſhe had given, at the ſame time, of ſome matter, which ſhe had herſelf come then to confer with her about.

'Tis ſaid that, equally in love, or play,
Our minds have ſtill a ſuperſtitious ſway.

This appeared remarkably, in the preſent inſtance, for Mr. Brumpton, or Lenox which ſhall I call him? ſeemed thoroughly to acquieſce in the augury; and ſaw her depart, the next morning, with ſome little confidence in her ſucceſs.

She went; but their conference, and non-reſult, muſt be deferred, till next poſt; as I am juſt called upon, this moment, to attend the funeral of a Bruſſels neighbour, who came here too late to ſave his life.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

WHEN Mrs. Sutton entered Miſs Dixon's apartment, ſhe found her alone, and labouring under ſuch an emotion, as her preference to Mr. Brumpton, and her compaſſion toward Mr. Lenox, muſt naturally have excited. Her difficulty was, certainly, of the moſt delicate and refined complexion, that perfect ſentiment can poſſibly inſpire. She ſat ſilent, till Mrs. Sutton had firſt ſpoke, and expreſſed her perturbation, by looks and ſighs only.

Mrs. Sutton told her that ſhe had delivered her anſwer to Mr. Lenox, who had received it with all the diſtraction and deſpair, that the warmeſt love, and moſt unexpected diſappointment, could poſſibly have poſſeſſed him with. She confeſſed, at the ſame time, that ſhe thought it extraordinary, according to Miſs Dixon's own ſentiment, before, on this ſubject, that a paſſion, of ſo ſhort a duration, ſhould have been capable of tranſporting a perſon, of Mr. Lenox's ſeeming ſenſe and philoſophy, to ſuch an extravagance, as appeared to threaten ſome violent effect, upon his life or reaſon.

Miſs Dixon fixed her eyes on Mrs. Sutton, with ſtedfaſtneſs, for ſome time; then riſing from her ſeat, and lifting up her hands to heaven, I am reſolved, ſaid ſhe—Submiſſion is reſolution. Were my misfortunes leſs, than they are, I ſhould endeavour ſtill to ſtruggle with them; but exceeding as they do, the powers of female ſtrength, let that Providence, which has thought proper, either for the

the ſins of my fathers, or its own more eſpecial purpoſe, to inflict them on me, be anſwerable for the conſequences of them.

She then walked about the room, in ſuch a diſturbed manner, as alarmed Mrs. Sutton extremely; till at laſt, her ſtrength failing her, ſhe ſunk upon the couch, almoſt exhauſted, and would have expired there, if nature had not reſcued her, by ſupplying a flood of tears, which relieved her body, from the oppreſſion of her mind.

Mrs. Sutton could not proceed any farther—Miſs Dixon was not in a diſpoſition to attend to any more argument, upon this ſubject, nor was ſhe herſelf capable, at that time, of entering into it. She ſtaid with her, till her ſpirits appeared to be ſomewhat compoſed, and then returned to us, in ſuch an enfeebled ſtate, that alarmed me, greatly, for her health.

This apprehenſion determined me, inſtantly, to withdraw her from any further conflict in this buſineſs, and to undertake the reſt of the mediation, myſelf, under her conduct, if there remained yet any probability of ſucceſs, which I own, at the ſame time, that I could not foreſee.

For after her declaration, in favour of Brumpton, Lenox could never hope to rival him; and yet, a reſpect for his paſſion, might probably have thrown ſtill farther difficulties, in Brumpton's way, by reducing Miſs Dixon into ſomewhat ſuch a dilemma, as the unfortunate nymph at Montpelier was involved in; ſo that I began to think, that as the circumſtances of the affair then ſtood, Mr. Brumpton, according to the gameſter's phraſe, was but *fineſſing againſt himſelf*, in effect, by carrying on the maſquerade any longer.

Mr. Brumpton ſeemed to be rendered quite torpid, with grief and deſpair, and the only ſenſibility that appeared in him, was a tenderneſs for the ſituation that Mrs. Sutton had been reduced to; which he ſhewed,

ſhewed, by readily concurring with my propoſal; and after returning me thanks for my friendſhip, he retired home.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CXXI.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chambery.

A DARK expreſſion, in Sir, Thomas Medway's laſt letter*, has detained me here ſtill, and kept me within my ſenſes alſo. Though why ſhould I amuſe myſelf with vain hopes, any longer? What powers can he poſſibly, have to exert in my favour, greater than my love, my arguments, my intreaties, ſtrengthened by her own acknowledged paſſion, which have all jointly ſolicited for me, already, and in vain?

But, perhaps, it may be natural to conſtrue ſanguine wiſhes, into fertile hopes; and the moſt unavailing tokens of a friend's love, have charms in them, that help to ſooth deſpair. I ſhall, therefore, await his arrival, embrace my ſiſter, then fly off to Brumpton, and claim his promiſe; as I much fear, from your ſilence about him, that his fate remains as froward ſtill, as mine.

It happened to occur to me, yeſterday morning, to make an eſſay upon the confeſſor of the marchioneſs; in which idea I was much encouraged, by the humane and friendly concurrence, I had lately met with, before, at Orleans, from the good Pere Dumont.

I thought

* Letter CXI. laſt paragraph, but two.

I thought that argument, or reaſon, might be ſufficient with him. Her *ſentiment* would ſtill have oppoſed my happineſs, even though my caſuiſtry had prevailed; but I apprehended no ſuch delicacy in him, expecting to find him merely *rational*; and if I could convince him, I was weak enough to hope, that it might have been poſſible for him to perſuade her. For I had been taught to believe, that the ſway of a confeſſor was ſo extenſive, that their opinion only, was authority to their communicants, without the ſupport of argument.

Poſſeſſed with ſuch a notion, I contrived, by the means of my hoſt here, to be introduced to a prieſt, who was acquainted with the officiate, at Chateau Detoilette, and prevailed on him to procure me a conference with him; and an interview was brought to paſs between us, this morning, at my hotel.

I arranged my arguments, in all the array of ſcholaſtic divinity, beginning with the weakeſt; riſing by a *ſorites*, to the ſtrongeſt; and, from thence, drawing a concluſion, that appeared, at leaſt to my intereſted imagination, an irrefragable deduction, from the given premiſes. The prieſt marched, ſtep by ſtep, with me, through the whole of my pleading, and joined iſſue with me upon every article.

I immediately expected a decree in my favour, and preſſed him to pronounce it; when he replied to me, in theſe words—"Were this a proceſs, at "law, Sir, ſaid he, your too ſanguine hopes might, "perhaps, be accompliſhed. But, as it happens to "be a ſuit *in foro conſcientiæ*, the mere reaſon of the "thing is not ſufficient to extricate you from the "difficulty of it. A vow, Sir, however lightly, or "unwarrantably entered into, is a bond given to "the church; which they may either cancel, or "enter judgment upon, juſt as they ſhall deem "moſt expedient, for the benefit of the ſanctu-"ary.

" I have then, Sir continued he, two conſidera-
" tions lying at preſent before me; namely, the
" gratification of the individual, and the advan-
" tage of the community. In order therefore to
" accommodate theſe two contending intereſts, I do
" hereby engage to obtain the marchioneſs an abſo-
" lution from her vow, on condition that you will
" renounce the hereſy of your religion, and become
" immediately a convert to the true catholic faith."

This jeſuitiſm did not ſtagger me—I found myſelf ſenſible of a certain firmneſs of reſolve, that I had been hitherto a ſtranger to. I then diſcovered, for the firſt time, that the object of my adoration was not a divinity, as I found ſhe had not power to abſolve my conſcience.

I fled into an inner apartment, threw myſelf on the bed, ſhocked at a religion, calculated equally to proſcribe martyrs, and procure hypocrites; and left the prieſt to numerate his beads, and portion out his heaven to credulous fools and temporizing knaves.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

THERE is an indomitable ſpirit in woman. The next morning, Mrs. Sutton appeared to be perfectly recruited in health and ſpirits, and moſt peremptorily refuſed to accept of my mediation in this grand affair. She ſaid, that men were quite unfit to tranſact a buſineſs of this kind, for one or other

other of two contrary reaſons—That they were generally, either too precipitate, or too philoſophic, to bear themſelves through it, with ſpirit and diſcretion. I ſmiled at the juſtneſs of her obſervation, and ſuffered her to depart on her embaſſy alone.

Miſs Dixon received her with more ſeeming affection that morning, than ſhe had ever appeared to have done before—The communication of our misfortunes to others, increaſes our attachments to them. She made an apology for the unpolite negligence, that her own immediate feelings had betrayed her into, of not having yet afforded her an opportunity of entering with her into a conference, upon ſome matter of importance, that ſhe had hinted at the other evening; and intreated the favour of her to propoſe the ſubject that inſtant, without further delay.

I ought myſelf rather to make an apology to you, madam, replied Mrs. Sutton, for the liberty I am now going to take—But I feel an intereſt in every thing that relates to you; and where one has conceived a friendſhip, one is apt to uſe a freedom.

The public incidents of your ſtory, ſaid ſhe, have already reached my ears; but as in them I do not perceive what need have debarred the unfortunate Mr. Brumpton's ſuit, I ſhould be glad to be let a little into the private hiſtory of that matter; and to be informed upon what punctilio or prejudice, that unhappy man of merit has been ſuffered to ſigh out his life in vain?

That I had, alas! no manner of prejudice, to the diſadvantage of Mr. Brumpton, replied the lovely unfortunate, let the conſcious tears which now I ſhed, bear teſtimony for me. He was a man of ſenſe, of virtue, and of honour. He was ſuch a man, *take him for all in all*, as was capable of reconciling the woman he addreſſed, to the inferiority of her own ſex, and of ſetting her above the envy, even of manhood.

Mr.

Mr. Armſtrong's behaviour toward me, had, I confeſs, firſt cancelled my eſteem; and love cannot long ſubſiſt in chaſte or delicate minds, after ſuch an unhappy criſis—But though both love and eſteem were fled, duty, and a reſpect to character, remained ſtill behind; the firſt bound me to the obligation of my contract, and the latter tied me to the opinion of the world.

Thus, ſaid ſhe, have I fallen a victim, between ſentiment and opinion. It had been more heroic, perhaps, to have ſacrificed the latter to the former; but *beyond the fixed and ſettled rules*, &c. and I find it eaſier to ſtruggle with myſelf, than with the world. For, next to the being culpable, is certainly the idea of being thought ſo.

The departing from the character of my ſex, even in actions of virtue, appears to me ſo daring an adventure that had I been in the ſituation of Cloelia, or Godiva, the Romans might have remained ſtill in hoſtage, nor had the city of Coventry ever obtained its charter. A woman pays too dear for fame, who ceaſes to be *amiable*, in proportion as ſhe becomes *great*.

The extreme delicacy and refinement of Miſs Dixon's ſentiments upon this ſubject, had ſuch an effect upon Mrs. Sutton's mind, that ſhe remained for ſome time undetermined in her reſolve. She thought it almoſt treaſon to enter into rebellion againſt the dominion of ſuch Platonic notions; and yet the conſideration of her having the more ſubſtantial happineſs, of two virtuous and amiable perſons to combat for, urged her to proceed further in her former plan of operation.

I am charmed, ſaid ſhe, to Miſs Dixon, with the deſcription you have given me, of that fine conflict, you have ſo long ſuſtained, between ſentiment and opinion. But thoſe ideas, though ever ſo ſublime, which are found to interfere, with the real, and chaſte felicities of life, I am apt to ſuſpect to be carried

carried beyond what heaven itſelf requires from human nature, and fitter for a ſtate of angels, than of men.

You were created, madam, to be happy, continued ſhe; your virtue teſtifies this ſentiment; you were formed to render another ſo; your virtue and beauty both confirm this opinion. 'Twere to be no longer innocent, then, to continue ſtill your wayward ſtrife, againſt the purpoſes of Providence—Conſent, therefore at once both to receive and communicate that bliſs, for which you ſeem, by heaven and nature, to have been ſo peculiarly formed.

Miſs Dixon continued all this while ſilent and immoveable, while Mrs. Sutton thus purſued her theme. Your ſcruples about the opinions of the world have already too ſeverely oppoſed themſelves to the felicity of Mr. Brumpton, and your tenderneſs toward his paſſion ſeem at preſent to reſiſt the hopes of Mr. Lenox. But this generous ſtruggle is happily now at an end; for, not to hold you any longer in ſuſpence, give me leave to acquaint you, that whatever favour you may hereafter ſhew to Mr. Lenox, will never be reſented by Mr. Brumpton.

Mrs. Sutton meant not any manner of equivocation by this expreſſion, her deſign being merely to reveal the duplicity of the ſame perſon; but Miſs Dixon, miſtaking her ſenſe, ſprang ſuddenly from her ſeat and caught hold of her hand, crying out, Juſt heaven! what further miſery haſt thou in ſtore for ſuch a wretch as me! I had been the *innocent cauſe* of two men's deaths before, but here I have been myſelf the *guilty* murderer. O virtue! I have too rigidly obeyed thy dictates—Accept my life here in atonement for my crime. The world's opinions ſeem but ſhadows now. The ſolid world itſelf recedes before my ſight. Forgive me, heaven! Then ſunk down motionleſs on the floor.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sutton was ſeverely ſhocked, at this event. She had miſtaken Miſs Dixon's firſt emotion for a tranſport of joy, on the diſcovery of Brumpton and Lenox being the ſame perſon, and was afterwards ſo terrified at her looks and expreſſions, that ſhe ſuffered her to continue in the error, for want of power to undeceive her. She trembled, exerted juſt ſtrength enough to call out for help, and then ſunk down beſide her.

Mrs. Dixon came running into the room with ſeveral attendants, who alternately adminiſtred aſſiſtance to Miſs Dixon and Mrs. Sutton, while a meſſenger was diſpatched for a ſurgeon, which extended the alarm to the whole town.

I was the firſt it reached, and flying to the place, I ſaw Miſs Dixon raiſed up on a couch, and lying in the arms of her aunt, without any ſign of life, except a feeble reſpiration, ſo hardly to be perceived that her attendants ſtood weeping round her, mourning her death; while Mrs. Sutton remained ſtill on the floor; her eyes fixed on the unhappy victim, with all the horror and contrition of a guiltleſs murderer.

The ſurgeon ſoon arrived, and bled Miſs Dixon with ſucceſs; for, in a ſhort time, ſhe began to expreſs ſigns of returning life; before which Mr. Brumpton coming into the room and viewing our ſituations, turned to Mrs. Sutton, and burſt forth into this exclamation: Moſt cruel friend! you have more than killed me. Had you left me to my own fate, I had but died myſelf; but your ſevere mediation has deſtroyed her life!

Then flying to the couch, and wreſting Miſs Dixon out of her aunt's arms, preſſed her ſo cloſe in his, that he would entirely have prevented her recovery, if I had not, by the help of Sir George and the ſurgeon, reſcued her from his embrace, and held him apart from her, by our joint forces.

His

His emotions, his tranſports, upon every ſymptom of her coming again to herſelf!—But deſcription is tedious. At length, her breath returning to her with a loud ſigh, her breaſts began to heave, and ſhe opened her eyes with aſtoniſhment, at finding herſelf ſurrounded by ſo many unexpected ſpectators.

By this time Mrs. Sutton had regained ſtrength enough to riſe, walk up to her, and catching her by the hand, cried out, Oh! my miſtaken friend, how have you miſapprehended my unguarded expreſſion! Brumpton ſtill lives, and had not your error——

Miſs Dixon quickly interrupted her, and opening wide her eyes and holding up her hands, cried out, Yet, yet take care, nor trifle longer with my diſturbed brain. In which lies the deception, in your firſt or ſecond ſpeech? If Brumpton ſtill lives, then this officiouſneſs (looking at her arms) was well meant, and I thank heaven for his life, though he lives, only to reſign me. But that may not be, ſaid ſhe, riſing and looking ſtedfaſtly at Lenox; for Brumpton's power over my heart was unalienable, and my hand ſhall ever continue free.

At theſe words the happy Brumpton forced himſelf from our hold, and flying to her feet, yes, my generous Dixon, cried he out, the bleſt, the conſtant Brumpton lives to thank thy kindneſs—Behold him here, a ſuppliant before you, and now come to claim thy heart, not to reſign thy hand!

She looked at him with ſurprize and doubt, while Mrs. Sutton aſſured her that Lenox and Brumpton were one; which Sir George further vouched, by mentioning the circumſtance of the ſmall-pox, which had afforded an accidental occaſion for a deception, which had never been intended.

Miſs Dixon then turning her lovely eyes toward Brumpton, yes, it muſt be ſo, ſaid ſhe——Though my ſenſes might have been impoſed upon, my ſympathy

ſympathy cannot be deceived. So ſaying, ſhe let herſelf fall into his enraptured arms, while all around let fall their joyful tears.

Here I ſhall ſtop, to give you leave to weep alſo—

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CXXIII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix.

THE next day this amiable pair were rendered completely happy; and the morning after ſet out for Chambery, to aſſiſt and comfort poor Harſtonge, and alſo to withdraw themſelves from the gaze of the town, whoſe curioſity the ſuddenneſs of their marriage muſt probably have excited.

Mr. Brumpton offered ever to retain the name of Lenox, if Miſs Dixon ſhould have ſtill retained her ſuperſtitious reſpect for the *opinions of the world.* But ſhe declined his compliment, ſaying, that ſhe had ſacrificed too much to that punctilio already; and that as her honour was thenceforth to become his own, ſhe deſired no other name to ſhield it, but that of Brumpton.

To which ſhe added, with great politeneſs, that unleſs he could conceal his merit, alſo, as well as his name, ſhe could not think herſelf juſtified before thoſe, whoſe opinions only were worth retaining, in not rewarding ſo much conſtancy and virtue.

Theſe manœuvres of Mrs. Sutton had affected her nerves a good deal; which however the ſucceſs of them, with a week's reſt and waters, have ſufficiently recruited, to enable us to ſet out for Bruſſels to-morrow,

to-morrow, and wait with impatience for the pleaſure of Lady Medway's company and yours.

You may probably reprehend me, for reſerving the cataſtrophe of this anecdote too long from you; but your having miſapprehended one of my late letters*, firſt led me into it; and then reflecting that as it is an improvement to romance, to aſſume the veracity of hiſtory, it might, in turn, become an enrichment of biography, to be conducted according to the rules of novel. Beſides, I thought that the denoüement would come more gratefully to you, after your diſappointment. But to ſpeak more ingenuouſly to you, every one has their own manner of telling a ſtory, and this is mine.

Adieu.

C. S.

* Letter CXVI. laſt paragraph but one.

LETTER CXXIV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Luxemburgh.

WE left you with regret; but a friend in affliction is a ſtronger magnet than all the happy ones in the world. We fly to Harſtonge, and ſhould not have remained with you ſo long, but that the happy Brumptons were gone to him before us.

Lady Medway was charmed with the manners ſhe obſerved between Mrs. Sutton and you. She ſays that you do not appear to be a couple that *had been already married*, but rather one that *ſoon would be ſo*. She then intreated me to ſupply her with ſuch rules of conduct as might be able to keep a gratified paſſion awake, and ſuch uncommon ſentiment alive, after ſo long an intercourſe as yours has been.

I told

I told her that ſhe needed no inſtructions, on her own part, but what the proper demeanour of a woman, in any ſtate, might fully provide her with; for that modeſty, good-humour, and complacency, ought to be equally the characteriſtics, of widow, maid, and wife, and were alone ſufficient to inſure the felicity of the latter condition, as far as it reſted on a woman to perform her part of the concert, in that charming *duette* of life.

I was ſo very ingenuous, as to let her into a ſecret which few men perhaps know, and fewer ſtill chooſe to acknowledge that the taliſman lies intirely in their own keeping.- They are his manners, his attentions, his conduct, chiefly that muſt form the ſpell and bind the enchantment.

A huſband quits the character of a lover, too ſoon, if he ever quits it, at all. Is there no tie of gratitude, due to a benefactor, after we have obtained his laſt favour? A man ſhould conſider ſuch a connection as an *obligation*, rather than a *duty*. His ſpirit may be too proud for the latter, but that very pride will render him humble enough, for the firſt.

Let him never ſuffer any man to be more obliging more polite, or gallant, to his wife, than himſelf—not by reſtraining others, but by exerting himſelf.

Let him conſider, that he has not only a body to enjoy, but a ſoul to engage. That he poſſeſſes all the fondneſs of paſſion, without its frailty——the whole freedom of love, without its licentiouſneſs.

Let him reflect, that while he is inſuring her affection ſhe is confirming his own; for an habit of obliging others, naturally ſtrengthens our attachments toward them.—So that he becomes a double gainer himſelf, by every favour he confers; and virtue in the higheſt ſenſe, that the expreſſion can be conceived becomes thus, its own reward.

Men too frequently marry by a certain figure of ſpeech, ſtiled *pars pro toto* *, more for a miſtreſs, than

* A part, for the whole.

than a wife—and rather for a fortune than for happineſs: while perfect wedlock may be compared to the ſoul of the univerſe, which Ariſtotle defines to be *totum in toto, et totum in qualibet parte**.

Theſe ſentences I explained to my dear attentive Anna, and expatiated farther upon this moſt delicate and intereſting ſubject, by the help of hints I had recollected from an eſſay on the ſame topic, which I had lately read over ſo often, as almoſt to get by heart, during the interval of my *probation* in the *bon ton*; and which, as far as I had borrowed from it, I will give you here in the author's own words.

" On the other hand, huſbands ſhould be careful " alſo to keep up a ſpirit of gallantry toward their " wives, in order to preſerve, on both ſides, that " elegant bond of union—politeneſs, and fond ſen- " ſations.——They ought to avoid that careleſs and " ſlovenly air, which men are apt to degenerate " into after marriage. They ſhould even *dreſs* for " them, with as much attention, as when they " were lovers; *comis in uxorem* †; for chaſtity is no " preſervative againſt diſguſt; and though virtue " alone may be ſufficient to inſure the fidelity of a " wife, it muſt be the huſband's merits that can re- " tain her affections.

" How unſpirited, how indelicate an obligation " is duty, ſole! but united with affection, the mar- " rage knot, like the double ties in muſic, ſuper- " adds a briſker ſpirit to the concert.

" The ancient Romans had ſo refined a ſentiment, " with regard to this point, that they interdicted " donations of eſtates, between man and wife, in " order to prevent their attachments from degene- " rating into obligation or being influenced by leſs " free, or generous principles, than mutual fond- " neſs and præ-cordial ſympathy.

* All in all, and all in every part.

† Comely toward your wife. Hor.——This expreſſion alludes either to dreſs, or manners.

" Surely, a wife is an object worthy of *les petits* " *ſoins*, as well as of the higher duties; and it is " by theſe leſſer aſſiduities, conſtant attentions and " little offices, though ſo trifling in themſelves, that " a ſincere paſſion manifeſts itſelf more, than by the " greateſt acts of liberality and kindneſs.—For love, " contrary to every other paſſion, ſhews itſelf more " in ſmall things, than in great.

" Whenever perſons begin to betray an indiffe- " rence toward theſe ſmaller cares, one may venture " to pronounce, that their *attachments du cœur* will " not long ſurvive—For this delicate ſentiment, " like chaſtity, is forfeited totally by the firſt ſlip— " It is like religion; a failure in the ſlighteſt branch, " is a breach of the whole; and injured in the moſt " diſtant part, like Achilles wounded in the heel, it " languiſhes—it expires.

" In fine, I ſhall conclude theſe reflections, with " this admirable advice of St. Paul—*Let thoſe who* " *are married, live, as thoſe who are not* *."

Oh marriage! happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt ſtate:
Let debauchees and drunkards ſcorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauſeous draughts and luſts, profane
Both thee and heaven, by whom thou wer't ordain'd.
How can the ſavage call it loſs of freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze upon,
A faithful beauteous friend?

HAYWOOD†.

Adieu.

T. M.

* Eſſay on wedlock. Series of letters, between Henry and Frances, No. CCCCL.

† Not the Noveliſt.

LET-

LETTER CXXV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chambery.

I HAD the pleaſure of meeting all our party here in perfect health. Even Mr. Harſtonge too, appeared to be more at eaſe in his mind, that I expected to have found him.——But the generous intereſt he takes in the happineſs of his friends ſerves conſiderably to lighten the preſſure of his own misfortune; for his elevated ſoul feels more from *ſympathy* than *contraſt*

He told me that the morning after he had ſeen the marchioneſs, he ventured to make a ſecond attempt to be admitted to her preſence; but ſhe was reſolute. Mademoiſelle de Renier was permitted to receive his viſit, in order to learn any further particulars, that her curioſity might have been inclined to inquire about, relative to madam de Chauvelin

He anſwered all her queſtions, ſolicited her intereſt with the marchioneſs, and told her the ſtory of her confeſſor's propoſal to him, offering to ſacrifice her ſcruples, to his apoſtaſy. Here ſhe interrupted him——You may be a very good Chriſtian, ſaid ſhe, but no lover, I pronounce it. Faith has its modes, as well as dreſs; and not to conform to the faſhions of whatever country one lives in, is to be rather preciſe than ſtrict: and then concluded her exhortation, with aſking him whether he thought it moſt reaſonable, that the marchioneſs ſhould perjure herſelf, or he reſign his ſcruples?

She is a lively, ſenſible young woman, with a charming mixture of chearfulneſs, and feeling. "The tear forgot, as ſoon as ſhed." In ſpeaking of the diſtreſſes of her two friends, ſhe wept ex-

tremely, and then recovering herſelf again, rallied him upon his infatuated paſſion, and propoſed this expedient to him, as the only remedy in his difficult ſituation. That ſince all hope of the marchioneſs muſt be now for ever fruitleſs, he ſhould return forthwith to Orleans, and pay his addreſſes to her ſiſter.

She is ſo extremely like her, ſaid ſhe, that her appearance was capable, it ſeems, of deceiving even a lover's eyes——She is full as handſome too, and a year younger alſo, into the bargain. It would be but Chriſtian charity, to win her from her deſperate and unnatural purpoſe; and, ſince I cannot make them both ſo, I would, at leaſt, have one of theſe luckleſs ſiſters happy; and I, really, cannot foreſee any other ſcheme, added ſhe, for rendering yourſelf ſo.

In this *hyſterical way* did ſhe ſpend the hour he ſtaid with her, between laughing and crying, by turns; like an April day; alternate ſhowers and ſunſhine.

Mr. Harſtonge ſends his affectionate compliments to you, and to Mrs. Sutton. He ſaid that he looked for the pleaſure of both your companies, when he ſaw me arrive, upon a kind hint you had given him in your letter to Lyons *. But, alas! ſaid he, even Mrs. Sutton's aſſiſtance could nought avail me now, in my preſent remedileſs and forlorn ſituation.

The happy Brumptons ſalute you both moſt gratefully, and lady Medway joins her good wiſhes, with thoſe of your affectionate friend.

T. M.

* Letter XCVII. laſt paragraph.

LET-

LETTER CXXVI.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Bruſſels.

I AM glad to hear that our unhappy friend, Mr. Harſtonge, is in the poſſeſſion of ſo many capable friends, in his preſent circumſtances; and I hope that he may be able to pick up a ſort of camelion hue of happineſs, through ſympathy, among you all.

Our promiſe to him ſhould not have remained unperformed, if there had been the leaſt proſpect of doing him ſervice—But to carry Mrs. Sutton to ſee a grief, without the hope of relieving it, would be a cruel, and an hazardous experiment; as her late emotions, in the Brumpton tranſaction, had already endangered her health. Her feelings are too powerful, for her nerves, though not for her virtue.

Beſides, if any one could be capable of ſerving him, at preſent, the late Dixon muſt certainly be a fitter confidante, upon this occaſion, as ſhe has got over ſome ſcruples herſelf, though not indeed ſo unſurmountable, as thoſe of the marchioneſs——the firſt relating only to the concerns of this life; the latter to thoſe of the next.

I like de Renier extremely——ſhe appears to be a true natural girl, full of mirth and affections.—— It is this kind of compoſition, that makes the great charms of youth——as we grow old, we loſe one or other, ſometimes both, of theſe endearing qualities.

I do not like her ſcheme, though, of ſending Mr. Harſtonge back again to Orleans, to look for a

wife; and think rather, from the livelineſs of her own character, that ſhe would be a much fitter one for him, herſelf.

The confeſſor's propoſition is in the old ſtile of *compoſition*, or *commutation*. Popiſh prieſts, like empirics in phyſic, captivate the weak and credulous, by promiſing infallible cures for deſperate caſes. Abſolution, redemption from purgatory, diſpenſations, indulgencies, &c.

Mrs. Sutton and I return the compliments of you *coterie* with equal affection.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dear Sutton, Chambery.

I SHOULD have wrote to you before now, but waited until the ſubſiding of my joy might leave me at liberty the better to expreſs my gratitude to Mrs. Sutton and you; but finding that each day but makes an addition to both of theſe ſentiments, I am, at length, ſet down, juſt to mention theſe particulars to you, leſt I might appear to have wanted gratitude, merely from the exceſs of it.

If I had been able to have preſented you with any favourable account of our dear friend Harſtonge's ſituation, it would have been the beſt and moſt welcome manner of repaying ſome part of my infinite obligations, to Mrs. Sutton and you; but I much fear that waiting till he may be more happy would defer my letter as long, as waiting, till I might be leſs ſo. Would to heaven, that happineſs was transferable, like money!—— I would then ſhare

ſhare my fortunes with him, and yet remain myſelf a Crœſus.

But, in our preſent circumſtances, poor Harſtonge only abates our enjoyments, without improving his own. We all join in his deſpair, except Sir Thomas, who is the only one among us that ſeems to have profited of your philoſophy.

He ſays, that were this ſubject given him to write a novel upon, he thinks that he could be able to wind up the cataſtrophe with an happy period, by not improbable means. That whatever is probable in fiction, is at leaſt poſſible in fact. And that the poſſibility of an event, leaves ſtill a door open to hope.

After this light manner he ſometimes amuſes himſelf; which though it would do no great honour to his underſtanding, were we to ſuppoſe him ſerious, ſhews the kindneſs of his friendſhip, with a thorough knowledge of the human mind; as to reſpite deſpair, is to weaken it; which muſt be his only reaſon for aſſuming ſuch an air of ſpirit and confidence upon ſo melancholic an occaſion.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chambery.

WE have luckily become acquainted here with a very ſenſible, lively kind of man, who is the biſhop of this dioceſe. He has been made acquainted by Sir Thomas with the ſtory of Mr. Harſtonge and the marchioneſs, and reſents the propoſition of the confeſſor, the condition of which, he ſaid, was not in his power, either to grant or obtain.

It is ſuch quacks in religion as theſe, ſaid he, that have brought the many ſcandals againſt our church, which I have ſo often heard falſely imputed to her. Such an abſolution as he offered is not even in my power, continued he; which I profeſs I am more particularly ſorry for at this time, becauſe I would willingly grant it myſelf, if I could; for I think that a man who would not change his faith, thongh erroneous, for a woman, deſerves her the better for it.

There are other empirics in religion alſo, ſaid he, who are a further diſadvantage to our common cauſe. Theſe are your four-featured perſons, who make all virtue and devotion to conſiſt in mortification and grimace. But I can never believe that the God of Human Nature ever meant to render us happy, through the falſe medium of miſery.

For God is paid, when man receives,
To enjoy, is to obey.

Religion,

Religion, continued he, is one of the moſt chearful habitudes of life; and prayers are moſt ungratefully wafted to heaven by ſighs and groans, ſad features, and pulmonary percuſſions. It forbids nothing but what common ſenſe and morals had interdicted before, ſince we have been left intirely at liberty *to eat black puddings*; nor enjoins any thing contrary to them now, ſince the *aboliſhing of circumciſion*.

After this lively and ſenſible manner does he contrive to amuſe our melancholy, and relieve our diſtreſs. He is a very lucky acquiſition to our ſociety, and the goodneſs of his general character gives a weight to his private merits among us.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER CXXIX.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Dear Sutton, Chambery.

YESTERDAY morning we received an invitation from our good biſhop to ſpend this evening with him at his palace; Sir Thomas and Lady Medway. Mr. Harſtonge, Mrs. Brumpton and I, attended the ſummons.

When we came into the ſalon, I perceived a beautiful young woman ſitting at the upper end of the room. I did not know who ſhe was at firſt, but her being dreſſed in weeds, with the emotions that

that were quickly viſible both in Mr. Harſtonge and her, immediately announced her to be the marchioneſs D'Etoile.

I never ſaw a more lovely perſonage in my life.—Her features perfectly anſwered the true definition of beauty, *variety amidſt uniformity*. There was a grace in her air, which, added to the dignity of grief, rendered her appearance almoſt divine, and held the beholder's mind ſuſpended ſtill between admiration and awe.

This meeting between the lovers ſeemed to be, and really was, equally unexpected on both ſides.—Harſtonge was confounded, and the marchioneſs ſo diſconcerted, that if it had not been for the ſpirit of hoſpitality, that our active biſhop had exerted, upon this occaſion, the collation might have been removed untaſted by any of the company.

After the table had been removed, the biſhop ſtepped aſide for a moment or two, and then returned to us again, introducing a very reſpectable-looking old man, in the habit of a prieſt, to us all, but, more particularly, to the marchioneſs. She knew him at once, and acknowledged him to be the confeſſor who had attended the marquis and her all the while they had been at Aix la Chapelle together, and had adminiſtered the laſt ſacraments to her huſband on his death-bed.

The appearance of this perſon, ſo ſudden and unexpected, before her, brought back that unhappy ſcene ſo quick and ſtrongly to her recollection, that it had nearly overpowered her faculties, if the kind biſhop had not immediately ſupported her, by taking her by the hand, and entreating her to preſerve her ſenſes for a few moments, as that perſon had ſomething to communicate to her, that he hoped ſhe would think worth living for to hear.

Upon this we all made a circle round them, and the prieſt, advancing toward her, expreſſed himſelf thus: Madam, ſaid he, the moment you were carried

carried out of the room from the marquis, he called me near him and ſpoke to me in the following manner.

" This extraordinary affair that you have been " juſt now a witneſs to," ſaid he, " I am fully " convinced has owed its unluckineſs to contingen- " cies ſolely, and neither to profligacy on one ſide, " nor infidelity on the other. I ſhould therefore at " any time of my life, but more eſpecially in theſe " my laſt moments, deem it a moſt ſevere act of " injuſtice, to inflict a penalty upon innocent per- " ſons, on account of a mere accident, as if they " had been guilty of a crime.

" For which reaſon I do here, in the preſence " of heaven, releaſe my wife from the generous " raſhneſs of her vow, and leave her at full liberty " to be happy, upon ſuch terms as her own virtue, " and the merits of her lover may admit of. I " would call her back," continued he, " to make " this declaration before herſelf—but my inſtant is " now come, and I have no more time left than to " bid rhe world adieu."

So ſaying, ſaid the prieſt, he prayed, cloſed his eyes and expired. After this event, continued he, I waited on you, madam, but was refuſed admittance. I made ſome efforts afterwards, while you remained at Aix la Chapelle, to be admitted to your preſence, but was ſtill denied; and waiting till you might have become compoſed enough to receive my viſit, I loſt the opportunity of communicating this intelligence to you, by your unexpectedly retiring from that city, and the induſtrious concealment of your abode ever ſince.

Repreſent to yourſelves, my dear Suttons, what muſt have been the ſituation of the two lovers, between ſurprize and joy; for here my powers of deſcription fail me

" There was a ſpeech in their dumbneſs, lan- " guage in their very geſture: they looked as they " had

" had heard of a world ranſomed, or one deſtroy-
" ed: a notable paſſion of wonder appeared in
" them both; but the wiſeſt beholder that knew
" no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if the impor-
" tance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity
" of the one it muſt needs be *."

They converſed together for ſome moments, like angels, by intuition only; and they would have continued ſtill motionleſs in the ſame ſituation, looking their ſouls away at each other, if the good biſhop had not interfered, by going up to the marchioneſs and aſſuring her that he had received every conviction of the ſincerity of the prieſt's declaration, that the higheſt teſt of religion could afford him, before he would ſuffer him to be produced, upon this occaſion; and that he thought himſelf now ſufficiently authorized to pronounce her vow abſolved that moment, both before God and man.

Then taking hold of her hand, and joining it to Mr. Harſtonge's, who had then juſt kneeled before her, prononounced his benediction and proclaimed the banns. The marchioneſs would preſerve the decency of appearances, and defer the marriage till the full interval of her viduity ſhould be paſſed; but our lively biſhop will admit of no delay.

Lover's months are years, ſaid he, and by that kalendar, your full term of widowhood has long been paſſed. Beſides, the marriage of a young woman with an old man, added he, in a low voice, and turning about to me, is a ſort of natural divorce, and a wife may date her weeds from the firſt putting on of her nuptial garment.

I have retired from this happy groupe, into the biſhop's ſtudy, to felicitate Mrs. Sutton and you upon this joyful occaſion, and intercept the poſt. I am juſt ſummoned back to ſupper——

Adieu.

R. B.

* Winter's Tale. Shakeſpeare.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Chateau Detoillette.

WHILE our truly Chriſtian biſhop was negociating matters between the happy lovers, Sir Thomas, embracing Mr. Harſtonge, made an apology to him for having precipitated his own marriage ſo prematurely, when he knew before-hand that his dear brother would be at a loſs for a brideſman, about this very time.

Then turning to me; This joyful event, ſaid he, may now explain a ſtrange rhapſody of a letter, I ſcattered among ye all, at Aix la Chapelle, lately *. I happened to have been juſt then apprized of this extraordinary circumſtance, added he, and ſat down, with a full purpoſe of communicating it to you and to the Suttons; but I ſtopped ſhort, for the following reaſons.

The marchioneſs had not yet been recovered—perhaps ſhe might never have been found. In that caſe it had been a cruel thing to have ſuffered the ſtory to have tranſpired, ſo as to have come to Mr. Harſtonge's ears, as this muſt have aggravated his deſpair upon the loſs.

* Letter C.

I thought it then a better way, to put it out of your powers to propagate the hint, than to incumber you with a caution about it. And thus, ſaid he, having overcome that great difficulty of *keeping a ſecret*, I was reſolved to make the moſt of it, by keeping it ſtill ſo to the laſt moment, even after I had been at liberty to have revealed it.

He then informed us, that this prieſt had happened to go over to England, as a chaplain to the German embaſſador; at whoſe levée he became acquainted with him, upon a recollection between them, of their having been ſometimes in company together, at Aix la Chapelle; and that upon a converſation one day, relative to that place and ſeaſon, this ſtory had accidentally occurred.

Sir Thomas ſaid, that he then immediately laid the preſent plan of operation with the confeſſor, at London, and called on him at Aix, in his route from Bruſſels, brought him on with him to Chambery, and introduced him to our biſhop; whoſe humanity being affected by the ſtory of the unhappy lovers, generouſly co-operated in every thing, to accommodate this unexpected event.

Our joy was exceſſive upon this extraordinary occaſion. The lovely De Renier wept and laughed, and embraced us all, one after another, as if we had been old and intimate friends. Then turning briſkly to the biſhop, My good lord, ſaid ſhe, it was hardly fair of you, to deprive me of my bedfellow, at ſo ſhort a warning, without having firſt provided me, with another. And it is a very mortifying thing truly, and bowing to us all, that amidſt ſuch an amiable groupe of men, there ſhould not be one lover left, for poor De Renier.

I wiſhed at that moment that we had had Sir George Marriot then upon the carpet, for I think he would have ſaved us a ſecond wedding-ſupper. The chearful biſhop ſmiled at her arch

frankneſs,

frankneſs, and replied very gallantly, that if his foreign friends there, as he ſtiled us, would but provide him with an Engliſh biſhoprick, he would be glad to have his hand ſet at liberty, for the pleaſure ſolely of taking her's.

We ſhall return ſoon to England, our whole coterie, except his lordſhip, and intend to *pay ourſelves* a viſit to you and Mrs. Sutton at Bruſſels, in our way.

Adieu, our dear friends,

RICHARD BRUMPTON.

FINIS.